John Bull, December 2, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1433.

"JOHN BULL'S" XMAS GIFT TO YOU SEE PAGE 4

JOHN BULL

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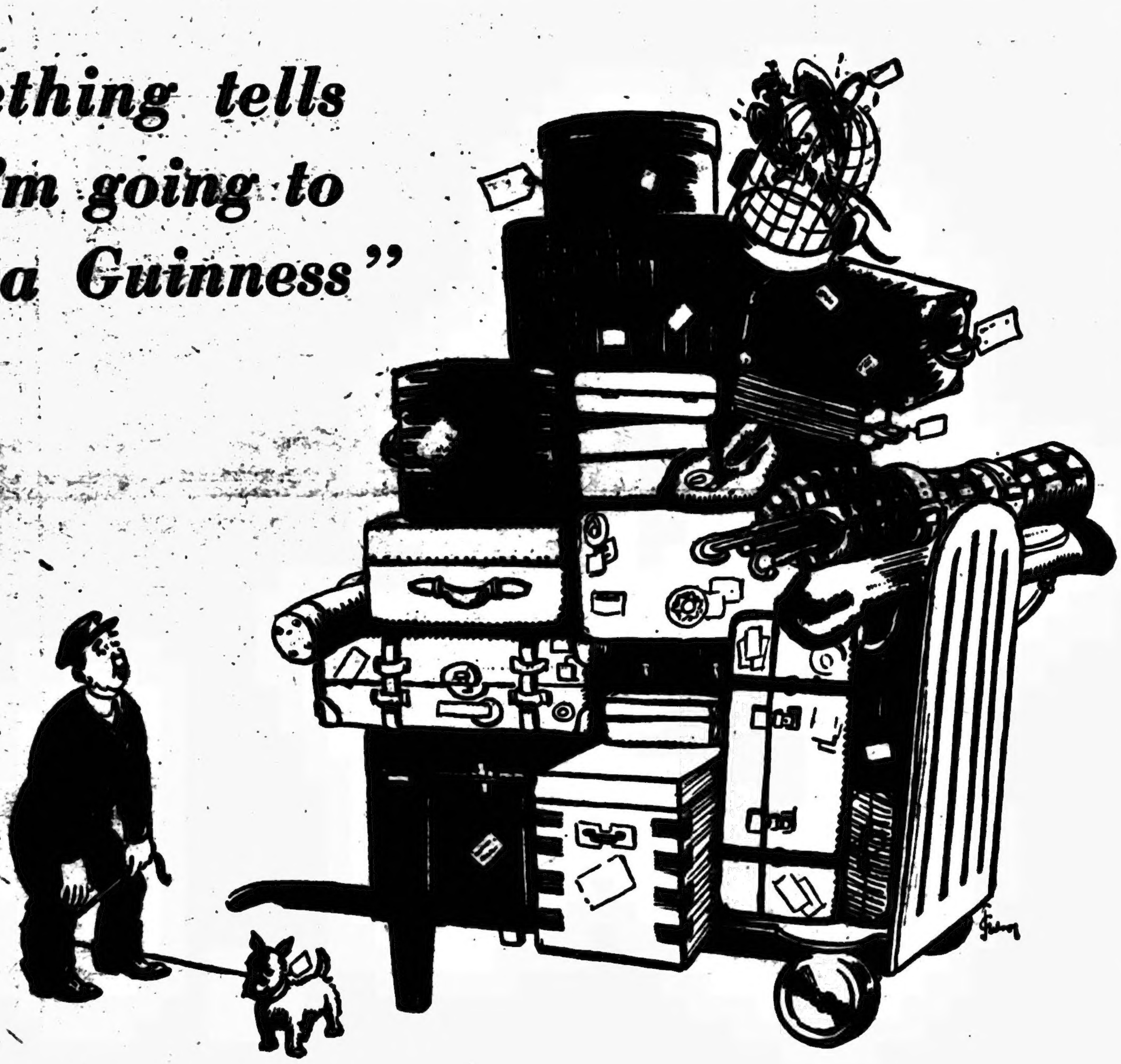

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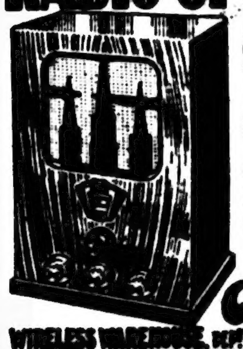

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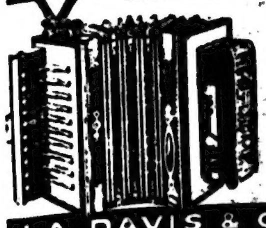

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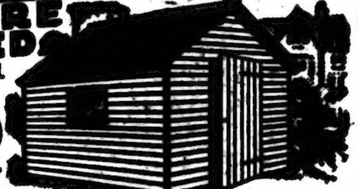

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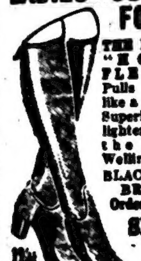

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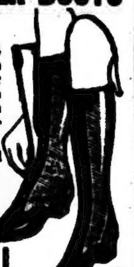

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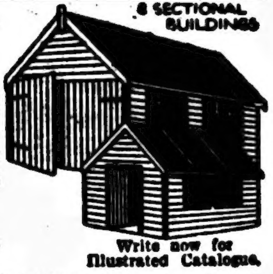

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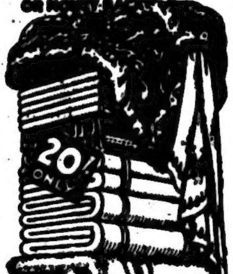

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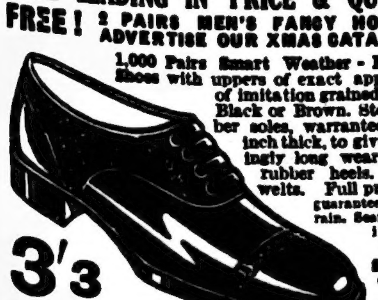

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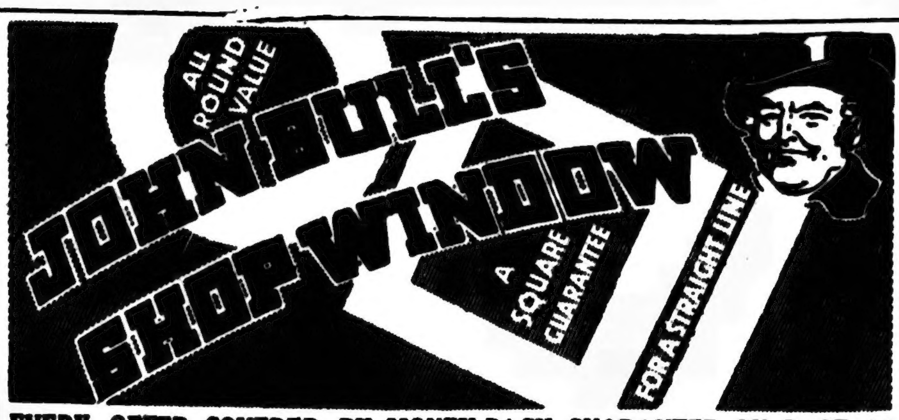

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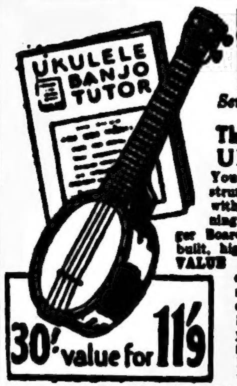

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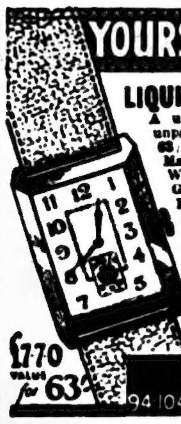

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ONLY 35/- for EIGHT Full-Size BLANKETS

Send for this Blanket Bale on approval. See the rich quality There is no doubt that this is One of the World's Biggest Bargains. If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within 7 days, 35/- only. The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 1/6 An unequalled Offer.

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Every purchaser receives our free gift of Stainless Plate as follows:
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6 Table Forks.
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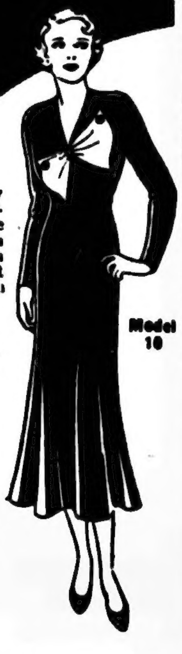

Model 10

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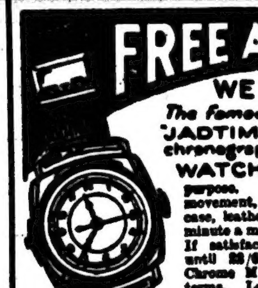

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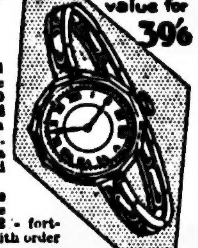

Illustrated List Post Free SOLID GOLD English Hall-marked Keyless WRIST WATCH with Expanding Bracelet attached. Tested Movement. Timed to a minute a month. Fully Warranted 10 years.

Send 1/- Deposit only for Free Approval. If satisfactory balance payable 2/- within 7 days and 2/- fortnightly until 42/- is paid. Cash with order or within 7 days 39/6 only.

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THORNS

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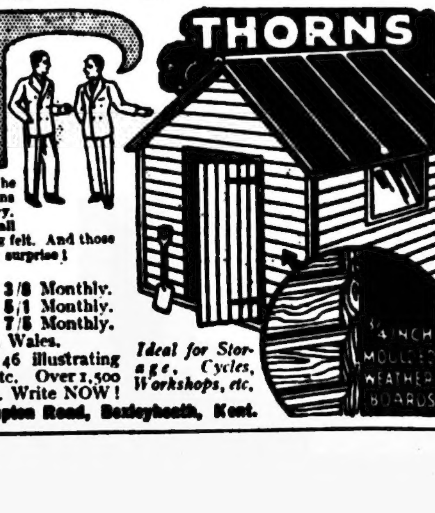

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Ideal for Storage, Cycles, Workshops, etc.

Send p.c. for Special Catalogue No. 46 illustrating Sheds 30/-, Garages 70/6, Army Huts, etc. Over 1,500 sizes and designs. We save you pounds. Write NOW!

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£7 7 0 value for 68/6

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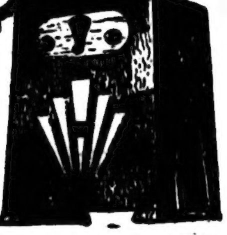

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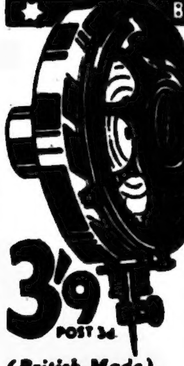


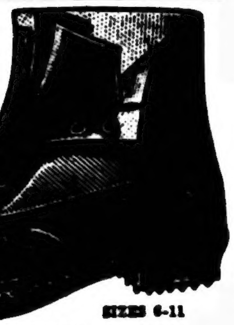
3/9 POST 3d.

RADIOGRAM TONE.

Complete Manufacturer's stock of these famous "E.N.V." Ultra powerful Soundboxes, enormously reduced, now offered at the astounding price of 3/9, post 3d. The cheapest gramophone instantly transformed into a super sweet-toned instrument by simply fitting this "E.N.V." Soundbox only found with models costing £25. Durolite metal diaphragm. Non-vibrating. Cash refunded if not delighted. When ordering state whether soundbox fits in or slips over tone-arm.

(British Made) **AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS**
(Dept. J.S.1), 87, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.
(2nd Floor—Opposite Glaves.)

UTILITY .. Rubber Boots that CANNOT Wear Out.



Specially Built for Long Service with Solid heels and overlapped soles moulded to black rubber uppers, rendering them entirely waterproof. Full Ballast Tongue. Reinforced at every vital point. Thoroughly comfortable & lined throughout with cosy canvas.

BRITISH EMPIRE MADE SIZES 6-11

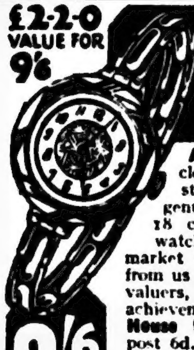
NOTE SPECIAL REINFORCEMENT AT BACK.

10/- PER PAIR, Post 9d, or C.O.D. *Money refunded if not satisfactory.*

LAMDINS (*Mail Order*), Ltd.
(Dept JB 57) WOKING, Surrey
Over 54 years' experience.

£2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

WRIST WATCH 18 CT. PLATED WARRANTED 10 YEARS



9/6 POST 6d.

Another Colossal Purchase of closing Swiss factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine Geneva jewelled lady's 18 ct. plated expanding bracelet watch—made for the Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price which we, as expert valuers, know to be a world-wide achievement ranking us as the **British House for Amazing Bargains.** 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW!

AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS
(Dept. J.B.C.3), 87, New Oxford St., W.C.1
(*Opposite Glave's*) *Second Floor.*

X-RAY

ULTRA APPARENT

Vision clearly seen—bones in legs, arms, fingers and inner vision of everything—interior opening of pipe stem, lead in pencil, etc. The most startling invention ever patented. This amazing illusory apparatus cleverly incorporated in glass cutter and breaker, eye or laryngoscope—see right through to eye magnified. Powerful reading glass and magnoscope for testing seeds, etc. Also ingenious coin tester, mirror, pattern and stencil cutter. Complete article 2/6, post 3d., with full experimental instructions. Send now—limited stocks.

POST 3d. 2/6

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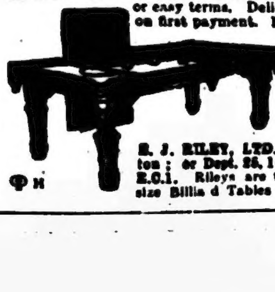
(Dept. J.X.1), 87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.
Facing Henry Glaves (2nd floor).

THE PERFECT "COMBINE" BILLIARD & DINING TABLE FOR SMALL HOMES

Entertain your friends to billiards—on the same table where you have dined. The Riley "Combine" makes this easy, in any home—small or large. There's a size for every room. Cash or easy terms. Delivered to you carriage paid, on first payment. Balance monthly. 7 days' free trial. Write for Art List of both Rileys "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables and Rileys "Home" Billiard Tables.



32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington; or Dept. 25, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

John Bull's Xmas Gift to You!

APPLICATIONS POURING IN!

Applications for "John Bull's" Great Christmas Gift are pouring in with every post. A special staff is working at top pressure to ensure prompt despatch. Readers who have not yet availed themselves of this unprecedented opportunity, are strongly advised to act without further delay.

Cut out the Gift Voucher for the Set desired, attach it to coupon below and post to-day.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **2/6** in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until December* 30, 1933.

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 2/6 Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Famous 5/- Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, superb finish, latest self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this Set. **Two-year written guarantee with each pen.** The "Everpointed" Pencil, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement, matches the pen to perfection.

A FREE 5/- GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 5/- Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set De Luxe. Admire the graceful stream-line of the Pen, the inlaid rolled-gold band, the lever self-filling device also of rolled gold. The Pen, which is unbreakable, has a heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match fitted with propel-repel expel movement has the same beautiful streamline and is complete with rubber, pocket clip and extra leads; this set is enclosed in a sumptuous butterfly-tinted Presentation Case. **Written Five-Year Guarantee accompanies each set.**

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher 5/-

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **5/-** in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until December* 30, 1933.

A present to a friend—a gift for yourself—in either case, you are assured of a wonderful bargain—a Writing Set unique. Both Sets are British-made throughout.

CASH YOUR VOUCHER TO-DAY!

John Bull's Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. (J.3), 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value **2/6** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/-** Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for **2/6**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **2/9** in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value **5/-** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **10/-** Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for **5/-**, plus **3d.** for postage. and insurance, making **5/3** in all

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME..

ADDRESS ....

....

Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out grades not required). Cross Cheque/P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 2.12.33.

GARDENS
that harbour
DANGER!

Scratch causes reader's death

A SCRATCH ON the finger whilst repairing a fence at his home—who would imagine that so trifling an injury could actually cause death? Yet this is the fate which has overtaken a "John Bull" reader—Mr. William Lowman, an auxiliary postman, of 72, Rectory Road, Fulham, S.W.6. "It is one of those cases where virulent blood poisoning arises from a trifling injury," was the remark of the coroner.

To his widow, "John Bull" has despatched a cheque, paid under our Great Free Family Insurance. The actual amount payable is £100, but because the victim of this accident was a "Plus Reader," that is, registered for more than three months, "John Bull" has sent a cheque for £110, which includes the "Plus" Reader's 10 per cent. bonus.

Trifling injuries, such as a scratch on the finger—a "pinprick"—a slight cut—often have the most serious results.

The record of "John Bull's" Free Insurance proves conclusively that home is far from being a "safe" place—that fences, stairs, windows, curtains, grates, clothes-lines, step-ladders and many other familiar objects, offer material for not only possible, but very frequent causes of accidents.

Register for "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance to-day. Be covered by the *only* paper to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness—the *only* paper that adds a welcome "Plus" Bonus.

Don't Delay—Sign To-day!

Take warning from a Leeds reader, who writes: "Little did I think that I should meet with an accident after I have been registered for only a week." Delay in signing the forms may make all the difference between a substantial cheque and vain regrets. Why not sign now?

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent)..

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

....

.... Date.......................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 2/12/33.

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..........................

Address ....

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

....

.... Date.......................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 2/12/33.

GRAVES 'LUXURY' BARGAIN BALE

UNRIVALLED IN QUALITY AND EXCELLENCE. WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

TWO Super quality WHITE ALL WOOL BLANKETS, Blue Borders, whipped ends. 7½lb pair, size 60 x 80in approx.

TWO WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 80in. Weight 4lb per pair.

TWO GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed ready for use. 70 x 90in. Weight 4lb pair.

ONE Fadeless Coloured ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, hemmed ready for use. Attractive colourings. Size 73 x 94in. 3½lb.

BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH, handsome floral design. 54in square.

TWO WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap & buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30in.

ONE WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. 20 x 60in.

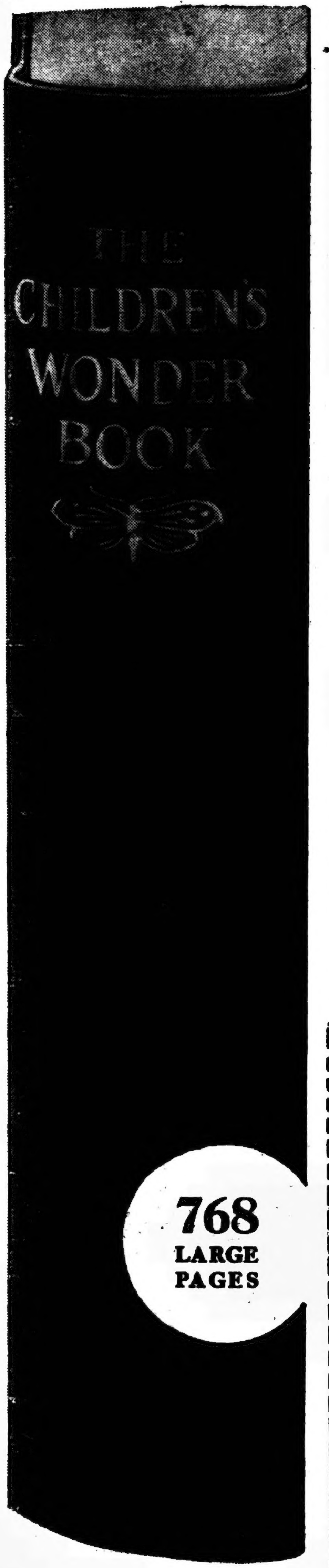
IMPORTANT.—As an extra advantage we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service from our Sheffield Factory—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, 4 Tea Spoons. Wear white all through. Complete Bale, with 16-Piece Cutlery Service 5/- NOW and 5/- MONTHLY. Carriage Paid 33

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

LAST DAYS!

for "John Bull's" Christmas Surprise for Boys and Girls



768 LARGE PAGES

"THE CHILDREN'S WONDER BOOK"

HURRY! This is your **final** opportunity to secure a copy of the ideal Christmas Present for Children—"The Children's Wonder Book"—the greatest book of favourite stories in the world. The books are now coming off the press and will be despatched in strict rotation. The Edition is limited and *there can be no reprint.* If you apply immediately, you can be sure of receiving a copy. But you must act at once!

Look how easy it is to get this fascinating book—**no tokens to collect**—no rules to follow—**you do NOT send any money now.** Just reserve your copy by posting the forms below at once and "John Bull" will advise you the moment it is ready and packed, waiting to be delivered to your door.

And now here is some wonderful news! *In order that no child should miss this best of all story books "John Bull" extends a special Christmas concession. You may, if you wish, obtain your copy just as quickly by making two easy payments instead of paying for it all at once!* Details will be found on the form below.

Look at the wonderful list of contents we print below to give you just an idea of what is in this thrilling book. Look at the fascinating stories and rhymes! Look at the world-famous authors! What favourites! And there are nearly 400 beautiful illustrations.

The Best Stories

. . Tales of Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, Rip Van Winkle, Nonsense Rhymes, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Sindbad the Sailor, Aladdin, Ali Baba, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, Æsop's Fables, Legends of Our Islands, A Christmas Carol, The Enchanted Horse, King of the Golden River, The Water Babies, The Lost City of Atlantis, The Windmill, The Pygmies, Buried Treasure from Tom Sawyer, The Mastermaid, Hansel and Grethel, Little Snow-White, Tom Brown's Fight with Slogger Williams, Guy of Warwick, The Tarry Buccaneer, The Ballad of East and West, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The Twelve Labours of Hercules, The Lady of the Fountain, Geraint The Son of Erbin, Widdicombe Fair, Feather Top, Sagrimah the Charmer, Longshanks, Girth and Keen, The Story of the Fisherman, The Valiant Little Tailor, The Bronze Pig, Follow My Leader, The Blue Bird, The King of the Peacocks, The Open Road, The Golden Fleece, etc., etc.

The Best Authors

Lewis Carroll, Charles Dickens, Edward Lear, Kenneth Grahame, Hans Andersen, The Brothers Grimm, Mortimer Batten, John Ruskin, Shakespeare, Swift, Walter de la Mare, Æsop, Burns, Thackeray, Charles and Mary Lamb, Chesterton, Defoe, John Drinkwater, R. L. Stevenson, Thomas Hughes, Longfellow, John Masefield, Sir H. Newbolt, Washington Irving, Mark Twain, Jules Verne, Alfred Noyes, W. B. Yeats, Browning, Bunyan, John Keats, Robert Graves, W. Harrison Ainsworth, Thomas Hardy, etc., etc. . . .

The book itself has 768 LARGE PAGES printed in large type. Its actual size is 10¼ in. deep by 7¼ in. wide. There are two beautiful Editions—the "Ordinary" Edition bound in Blue Art. Cambric Cloth, blocked in real gold with a decoration on the front. It has special end-papers, a three-colour frontispiece and a title page. The price of the "Ordinary" Edition is only 2/6 (plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.), making 3/6 in all.

The De Luxe Edition, bound in Rich Red Figured Art. Leather, blocked in real gold on spine, with a decoration on front, is a volume of rare beauty. In addition to the end-papers, frontispiece and title page, it contains SIXTEEN COLOUR PLATES by well-known artists. The price of the De Luxe Edition is only 3/6 (plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.), making 4/6 in all.

All you are asked to do is to fill in your name and address on the Reservation Form below and to send it, together with the label bearing a halfpenny stamp, to "John Bull." Remember—YOU SEND NO MONEY WITH THE FORMS below. Just indicate the Edition you want and method of payment you prefer—Cash or Instalment.

As soon as your book is packed and ready to be despatched to you, "John Bull" will send you your special Presentation Voucher, and on receipt of your remittance the book will be forwarded carriage paid to your home.

This great offer definitely closes on Saturday, December 9th. Your application must be received by NOT later than that date or it will be too late!

—POST THESE TWO FORMS AT ONCE—

A
Halfpenny
Stamp
Must be
firmly
Affixed
Here by
YOU.

NAME ....

Full Postal
ADDRESS ....

....

....

POST AT ONCE

Send no Money with this Form

Final Reservation Form

NOT AVAILABLE unless received by NOT later than first post **DECEMBER 9th.**

To CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION DEPT. J.B.3, "JOHN BULL," 6/7, Gt. Earl Street, London, W.C.2.

Please reserve me a copy of THE CHILDREN'S WONDER BOOK
N.B.—SPECIFY METHOD OF PAYMENT DESIRED (CASH OR INSTALMENT) AND EDITION REQUIRED (ORDINARY OR DE LUXE) BY PLACING A CROSS (X) IN APPROPRIATE SPACE ON RIGHT.

CASH

ORDINARY EDITION—2/6, plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.—making 3/6 in all. ☐

DE LUXE EDITION—3/6, plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.—making 4/6 in all. ☐

***INSTALMENTS**

ORDINARY EDITION—First payment of 1/9, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., and one further payment after 14 days of 2/-. ☐

DE LUXE EDITION—First payment of 2/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., and one further payment after 14 days of 3/-. ☐

N.B.—In the case of an instalment purchaser the Volume will be forwarded, in * the Edition specified, on receipt of **THE FIRST PAYMENT**, but remains the property of Odhams Press Ltd. until purchase is completed.

WRITE BELOW CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

READERS' NAME ....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS ....

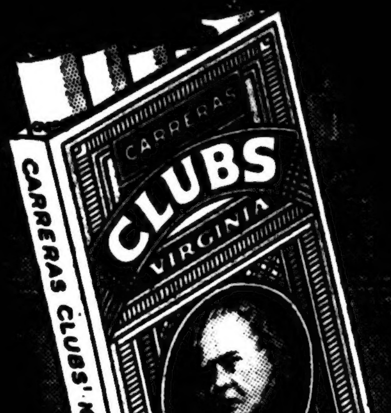
Date.................................. ....

N.B.—You must fill in your name and full postal address in Block Letters in the label on the left, which will be used for sending your Presentation Voucher—send in label with this Reservation Form.
You may send this Form together with label in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. JOHN BULL, 2/12/33.

WITHOUT THEIR OUTSTANDING QUALITY 'CLUBS' COULD NOT HAVE ACHIEVED THEIR ENORMOUS POPULARITY. REMEMBER EVERY PACKET OF 'CLUBS' BEARS (ON THE BACK) A GUARANTEE THAT THEY ARE MADE FROM 100% PURE VIRGINIA TOBACCO.

ON QUALITY ALONE 'CLUBS' CIGARETTES BROKE THE HABIT OF SMOKERS BUYING ORDINARY 5 FOR 2D. CIGARETTES

THEY ARE THE BEST 5 FOR 2D CIGARETTES ON THE MARKET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VIRGINIA
CARRERAS CLUBS' 100% PURE VIRGINIA

5 for 2d.
10 for 4d.

'CLUBS' ARE TRUMPS

C.21

"John Bull," 2/12/33.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,
for week ending Saturday, December 2, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Spies who Steal Your Job

The trade spy is no better than the burglar—and, if caught, deserves as little mercy

Without Fear or Favour

A WELL-KNOWN Lancashire firm, one of the leading companies in the rubber industry, was recently visited by a group of Japanese "buyers."

The visitors, who brought with them excellent official credentials, asked for quotations for large quantities of football bladders. They subsequently asked to be shown through the works and made a lengthy tour.

Later this firm learned that the same party had visited numerous leather manufacturing concerns where the same procedure was gone through.

None of the firms visited benefited by a single order, and the head of one house has since openly alleged that these men from the Far East were a party of trade spies—and nothing more.

Backed by well-meant introductions from official promoters of British trade, they came here to pick up what information they could so that Japanese firms could commence the manufacture of footballs and flood our market at dirt-cheap prices.

From one point of view we cannot confess to much sympathy with the British firms. We have yet to learn that football is a national pastime in Japan, and before facilities were so generously given, that little fact might have been borne in mind, and the visitors' requests handled with becoming caution.

But the Japanese, or, indeed, any other foreign trade spies, can be forgiven for believing that England is "easy" as far as industrial espionage is concerned.

A farce

LEGISLATION in this country against trade spying is in a farcical state. Punishment is negligible, and there are so many loopholes in the law on the point as to make the purveying of trade secrets a profitable and relatively safe occupation.

Leaders of industry are perturbed at the growth during recent years of the traffic. Due, perhaps, to the stress of competition in the face of bad trade, many once quite reputable firms have considerably slackened off their moral scruples. Such conditions are raising trade espionage to a flourishing condition.

Hardly an industry is immune from leakages. Many have been facing serious losses year by year owing to this cause.

A firm which held a monopoly on moulding powder used in the manufacture of telephones, from which it had derived a long and profitable business, suddenly found a competing article on the market. It made enquiries, and subsequently found that a chemist in its employ had sold the formula to its competitors.

The chemist and members of the firm who bribed him to sell his employer's secret were tried and convicted. They each got off with a fine.

Hundreds of cases

A HALF-DOZEN similar cases have reached the courts during the past year. The results have been the same.

A small fine, ridiculous in proportion to the damage inflicted on the manufacturer, robbed of his work and the capital and labour put into it.

But those few cases give no idea of the prevalence of the pernicious traffic. According to competent authorities like the Bribery and Corruption Prevention League, and the recent utterances of industrial leaders, there are hundreds of instances which never reach the courts.

According to the law as it stands, no charge can be made unless it can be proved that the man who has disposed of his employer's secrets has received money for doing so.

Providing that an offender can conceal this point sufficiently well, he goes scot free, no matter what other facts are beyond dispute.

How easily this point can be evaded is shown by a recent instance where a man who subsequently died confessed that he had been getting rid of his employer's trade methods for years.

He always got payment in notes, and on one occasion handed over some designs and formulas and received £500 in a taxicab.

The textile industry, especially, is a great sufferer from wholesale piracy of its designs and secrets.

One concern, which spends thousands yearly on its designing departments, discovered that exactly copied patterns of one of its most exclusive designs were flooding in from France and from two or three smaller Yorkshire firms.

The concern traced the leakage to a buyer who had obtained clippings from it, and had then passed them on to these competing firms.

That, however, was all it could prove, and it could do nothing else except to bar that buyer from future business with it.

The chemical industry, a key trade, is another which suffers heavily from this form of banditry.

Recently, a well-known firm discovered that some of its most old-established and popular lines of lacquers and varnishes were being precisely duplicated by a rival.

Jail them!

THE firm traced the leakage to a labourer who had stolen formulas. He had sold them for a weekly sum to the competing firm, so a charge could be made. He got off, however, with a fine.

Other countries are not so gentle in their handling of trade spies.

In France and Germany, for instance, industrial espionage is treated as gravely as the military offence. Invariably prison sentences are meted out on conviction. Trade spying is regarded as even more dangerous than military spying, besides being nine times out of ten more cowardly and pernicious. And prison sentences are in keeping.

We want some of that procedure in this country. Parliament must do something to stop the menace of these trade leakages. British industry will be the better for it.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Ignore thy Parents: the Bad New Commandment

Enough of Baillie-Stewart

Much Ado About 5d.

THE eternal problem of parental discipline in the home was never more perplexing than it is to-day.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," we used to say.

Then, the father was also the master of the family. He demanded strict obedience from his offspring, brooked no contradiction. His word was law. Too much so.

Now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. And, instead of "Honour thy father and thy mother," the new commandment seems to be "Ignore thy parents."

The defiant daughter

That is why we read the other day of the father who appealed to the Thames Police Court magistrate for advice on how to deal with an eighteen-year-old daughter who "stayed in bed till two o'clock in the afternoon, would not work, smoked cigarettes and went out with boys."

Fancy a father going to a police court to ask a magistrate to do a father's job.

Who to blame

The magistrate thought it was asking too much of him. We quite agree.

But, if we feel inclined to blame that father for being so helpless, we also blame those well-meaning people who are always dispensing advice, some of it highly dangerous, on the duties of parents and children.

Staggering advice

For instance, the father who publicly admitted having lost all authority over his daughter must have been staggered when he read in the very same newspapers that reported his case the advice given by Dr. E. B. Strauss.

"Parents," said Dr. Strauss at the Conference of the National Council of Mental Hygiene, "must learn that it is necessary for their child's welfare and mental health to retire more and more into the background as their children grow up."

Going too far

Now, we can't think that anybody retired more into the background than the father of that girl of eighteen.

And we know the result.

The truth is that Dr. Strauss and others like him would do better if they devoted their time to telling us that the Undisciplined Youth Movement has gone too far.

When they do that we may strike a happy medium between the Rule of the Rod and the equally unwholesome Rule of the Children.

Too much of him

And what about a little more of the happy medium in the case of ex-Lieut. Baillie-Stewart, the "Officer in the Tower"?

Columns of newspaper print have been expended on him since his sentence for offences under the Official Secrets Act.

Yet his trial was generally acknowledged to be a model of fairness, and we have not read one word of proof that there was a miscarriage of justice in his case.

Self-confessed liar

We sympathise with his parents. We can't sympathise with him.

We were told officially that he confessed his guilt in jail. Then we are told he says he made a false confession believing it would secure his release from prison.

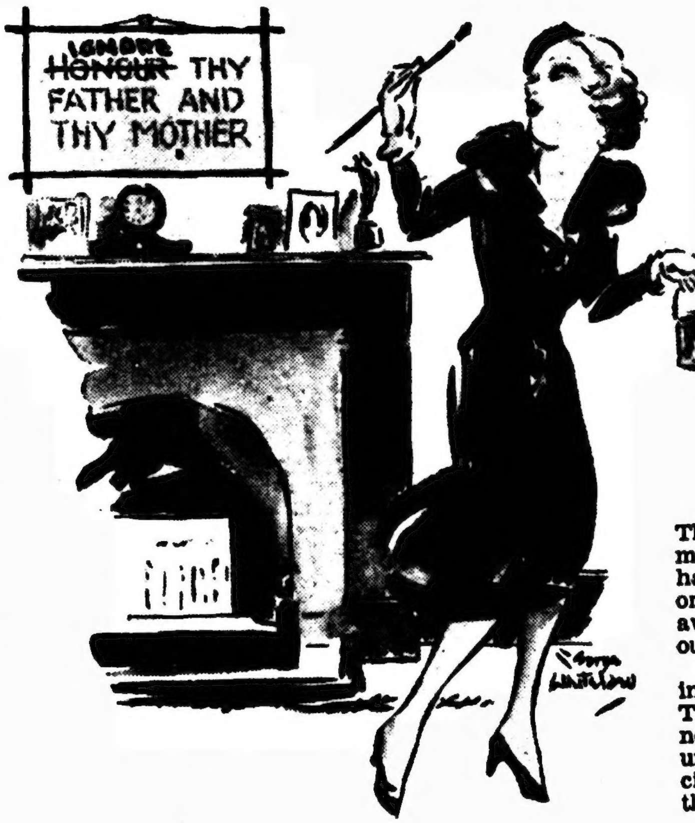
He is thus a self-confessed liar. So why worry any more about him?

Rifling your pockets

And it's time we chose the happy medium between reckless generosity and reckless saving in national affairs.

Newfoundland's grafters are to be cleared out and its finances put on a sound basis. This will cost the British taxpayer a lump sum of £600,000 and a yearly payment of half a million.

If you shy at this, let us remind you that it's trifling compared with our munificent gifts to other distant lands.



Unlike the defiant daughter, we prefer the old Commandment to the new

Robbing Peter

But we are so generous to our friends across the seas that the Elephant and Castle must go short.

A street improvements scheme in that busy London centre has been cancelled for reasons of economy.

So the £26,000 already spent on the scheme has been poured down the drain.

On the rocks

Indeed, we are so bitterly poor that the destitute old people in public institutions must now pay the whole of their old-age pension to the local authorities.

You see, the few pence they used to keep as pocket money is needed to save Britain from the broker's man. At least, that is what our rulers say.

We prefer to think that our rulers should themselves be lodged in a public institution—the lunatic asylum.

The crime of talking

As for the local rulers of Beaconsfield, Bucks, they should be happy in a deaf and dumb institute.

One of them is said to have been annoyed because five men stood talking at a street corner at 10 p.m. Anyway, the men were haled into court and fined!

We thought the curfew was abolished centuries ago, but we still have a lot of Rip Van Winkles with us.

G.B.S. spells sedition!

Some of those Rip Van Winkles are at the Admiralty. Awakening from their slumbers the other day, they dismissed some dockyard employees at Malta.

These men had been convicted of sedition because, it is said, they were caught reading books by Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Lord Passfield.

And when Mr. Tom Williams asked if this was the real reason for their dismissal, the First Lord of the Admiralty wouldn't reply.

We don't blame the First Lord. No one could possibly explain why it is a crime to read Shaw.

Fire them!

What we call a crime is the shocking business at Dutton, Lancs, where a horse and sixteen cattle were burned to death. The fire brigade that might have saved them had to turn back when only two hundred yards away as the farm was outside the brigade area.

We are tired of exposing such results of Red Tape, and presumably nothing will be done until a few local councillors are the victims of their own muddling.

Treating 'em rough

The old scandal of rotten schools, too, still goes on. Wombwell Education Committee has been told of one school where the forms are so rough that the children have splinters driven into their bodies.

Nine splinters were removed from one child!

How we should like to make some of the education bigwigs use those forms!

Give them water

And how we should like to soak some of the Metropolitan Water Board officials in their own reservoirs!

They sued a man for fivepence, which he had deducted from his water-rate to cover the cost of correspondence he had sent to the Board. Well, the Board was awarded 4d. and was refused witnesses' fees.

Perhaps that will cool the responsible officials' hot heads.

Magistrate's impudence

Another gentleman whose actions do not inspire us with confidence is the Yorkshire magistrate who has just been severely rebuked by the Public Prosecutor.

He wrote four "most improper letters" to his fellow-J.P.s in an attempt to enlist their sympathy for the defendant in a certain case.

Now, why was he only rebuked? A man of his sort is not fit to sit on the Bench.

Social parasites

We should also like to see vigorous action taken against certain brazen Middlesbrough folk who are in the news just now.

A local councillor alleges that some of the tenants of municipal houses own motor-cars, some have an income of £10 a week, while others are property owners.

We say again that such people are common swindlers and should be treated as such. We can't praise Middlesbrough for not clearing them out and making room for genuine applicants.

He means well

Nor, we think, should there be praise for the Scottish minister who arranged a special service for shabby people, the church being dimly lighted so that their threadbare clothes should be hidden. We are sure he meant well. But why shouldn't he get the shabby ones into the full blaze of the church's lights? The others might then help to clothe them.

Wanted—a Solomon

But we were glad to see that Beckenham Council is setting up an advice bureau for young couples who are going to live in the town. An official is going to tell them what their rates, road charges and other costs will be.

That's a fine idea, though we don't know what will happen if the young husband is a school teacher, Civil Servant or somebody else who has had his salary cut down to bare subsistence level.

Will the Beckenham official tell them how to make ends meet, or just warn them off?

Found—a Solomon

We must thank Mr. Justice Charles for another bright new idea. When a man was found guilty of assaulting a girl, the judge bound him over on condition that he remained faithful to his wife for two years.

Well, we think that man was lucky to have a Solomon on the Bench.

Anyhow, we hope the judge's novel experiment will succeed—if only for the wife's sake.

Justice for all—why not?

While on the subject of law, let us note that poor persons were successful in 96 per cent. of last year's cases to which they were parties.

That's a fine reply to those noodles who fear that cheaper law might make poor people proceed with hopeless cases.

Let us have still cheaper law—and so ensure justice for all.

May and December

We were not very surprised to see that after only six weeks of married life a girl of nineteen has obtained a separation order against her husband, who is aged seventy-two.

We like to hear of lonely old people making a suitable match, but an old man who thinks he can agree with a young girl must be in his second childhood.

To them that hath

And there's something wrong with the mentality of Sunderland Education Committee, which decided to increase its architect's salary by nearly £4 a week, but referred back the proposal to raise the school cleaners' wages from 12s. to 15s.

We don't complain about the architect's luck, but if the committee can afford a big increase in one official's salary it ought to be able to afford a small increase for its badly paid workers.

Next year lucky

Too little attention has been given to the amazing feat of Sam Heapy, the British jockey who rides in Belgium.

He has now a total of 2,738 wins, thus being only nine short of Fred Archer's grand total.

And that doesn't include two hundred other winners which Heapy rode in England, Holland and France!

Let's wish him the best of luck for next year.

The hungry 'Thirties

As we expected, the committee of doctors appointed by the British Medical Association has proved that the average unemployed family is not getting enough food to keep it reasonably healthy.

The doctors say, for instance, that the minimum amount of food for a child costs half a crown, whereas the unemployment allowance is only two shillings.

Now, couldn't we do without some of the new cruisers and devote the money to our underfed?

BRITISH MUSEUM 9 JAN 34

A Remarkable Challenge:

WANTED— a Christian Revolution

"Go out into the highways . . . look for Him in the ragged and naked, in the oppressed and the sweated . . .

by Sidney DARK

Editor of the "Church Times"

IT has been my chief concern for the last ten years to persuade that section of the public interested in religion, with which I am connected, that an era in the world's history definitely came to an end with the outbreak of the Great War, that the system of society with which we are familiar is derelict and certain, within a reasonably short time, to disappear, that the old order is dying, to be succeeded by something new and strange.

And I have as constantly urged that the character of this "something new and strange" largely depends on the attitude to the insistent problems of the times of those who hold the Christian faith.

The society of to-morrow may have as its basis Marxian materialism, or it may have as its basis Christian co-operation. It will either be a slave state or a state of free men convinced that the individual's duty to his fellows must be fulfilled if his own life is to be satisfactory.

The Bolshevist revolution in Russia, the Fascist revolution in Italy, and the Nazi revolution in Germany have all resulted in the destruction of individual liberty, without which a really Christian civilisation cannot exist.

It is the aim of the Christian revolutionist to work for the destruction of social evils, of which unemployment and the slums are the two most horrible, and to stimulate the sense of brotherhood and a general understanding of real values, while strenuously striving to preserve for the individual what is the choicest part of his birthright.

When man was created in the image of his Maker, he was given so large a measure of free will that it is within his own power largely to determine his eternal destiny. Take that privilege away from him and he becomes a robot, a slave, and his life loses all its possible romance.

Empty freedom

BUT the Christian revolutionist is a realist, and he does not attempt to deny that in existing social conditions for an immense number freedom is little more than a pretty word.

What is freedom worth to a man standing day after day in the market place with no man to hire him, driven to despair by the gradual loss of his home, by the agony of his wife, unable properly to feed her children, by the loss of respect that comes to a man willing enough to work, but with no work to do?

What is freedom worth to the man whose home is a bug- and rat-infested cellar, for which he is charged a rack rent? In many respects he would be better off as a slave.

So the Christian revolutionist realises that he has not only to protect freedom, but to restore freedom.

The basic implication of the Christian faith is the brotherhood of man, and the first duty imposed on the Christian Church is to care for the oppressed, for the helpless, for the victims of cruelty and injustice.

It is not enough to subscribe to good causes or to be sympathetic in an easy way. The Good Samaritan was not content to bind up the wounds of the man who had fallen among thieves and to leave him by the wayside. He put him on his own ass, and he took him to an inn and cared for him.

Faith means this—

AS I have said a score of times, and not without a considerable feeling of personal humiliation, if the people who profess to be themselves Christians really held their faith, really believed that the out-of-work and the slum dweller, the harlot and the filthy tramp were their brothers and sisters, they would dynamite slums, exterminate sweaters, and change the face of the world in a burst of moral indignation.

That, unfortunately, is most unlikely to happen. These are not the days when moral indignation is popular.

Nobody cares very much that over three thousand Assyrian Christians, whom Britain was pledged to protect, had their throats cut by Arabs last August. Nobody cares very much that hundreds and thousands of Jews have been harried, bullied and persecuted in Germany for no other reason than because they are Jews.

But something can be done, and is being done, to warm up our tepid blood. Ten years ago, in a great historic speech, which may be said to have been the beginning of the latest chapter in the history of the Anglo-Catholic movement, the late Frank Weston, the sainted Bishop of Zanzibar, warned his hearers that it was "madness to suppose that men can worship our Lord on the throne of glory when they are sweating Him in the bodies and souls of His children."

"Go out into the highways and hedges," he said, "and look for Him in the ragged and the naked, in the oppressed and the sweated, in those who have lost hope, and in those who are struggling to make good. Look for Him in them, and when you have found Him, gird yourself with His towel of fellowship and wash His feet in the person of His brethren."

That is what, at the bidding of the two Archbishops, Churchmen are now trying to do. This winter there is a concentration on the slum problem—the generous support of public utility schemes and the attempt so to excite public opinion that men and women of good will will demand to pay higher rates that their fellows may have decent homes.

This is the beginning of a crusade that may yet work miracles.

It is obvious that the world will never be cleaner and sweeter unless the individual shoulders his responsibilities with gay courage. What is being attempted is to persuade every man and every woman who say their prayers that they are responsible if slums are uncleared and babies are half fed.

The Christian revolution is a reformation. I have no sympathy whatever with the people who get up on platforms and talk glibly and unctuously about their sins. What I want is that people should show their repentance for their sins by working for their fellows.

It has been said, and quite truthfully, that the only place on earth where men are really equal is at the altar, where there is no difference between learned and simple, rich and poor, black man and white man.

And the man and woman who have learned this equality in one place will realise its existence in all places.

Do not despair

WITH the Christian revolution there must come such a feeling of solidarity with men and women of other races, of other traditions, and of other culture, that the very idea of racial conflict will appear ridiculous.

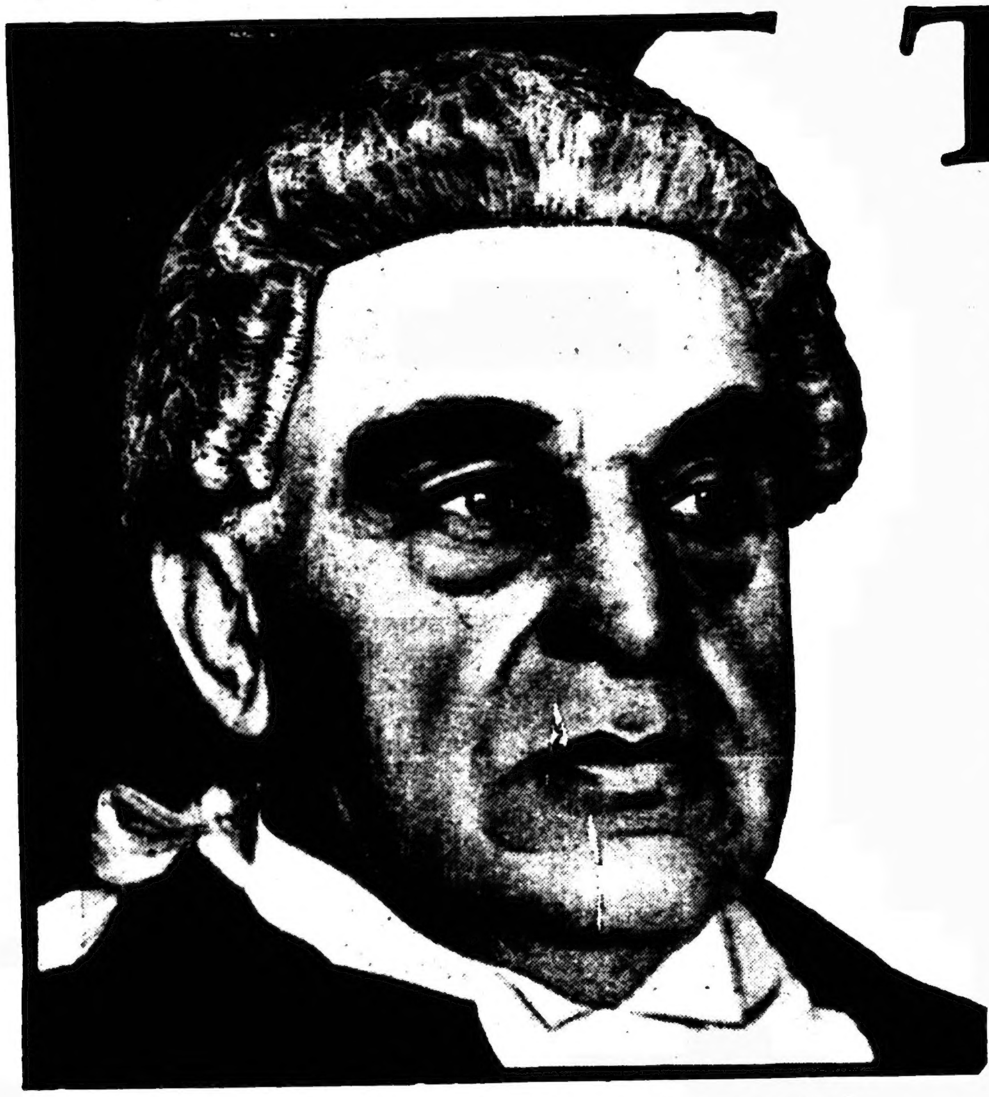
It is, indeed, as vulgar as it is stupid to count anyone inferior because his skin is a different colour to one's own.

In the wranglings of Governments, in the plottings of armament firms, in the despair of the humanist there is excuse enough for doubting whether such a revolution as I have in mind can ever take place.

There are men with whom I have the greatest sympathy who are persuaded that the better society can never be constructed until the old society has been forcibly and ruthlessly swept away.

But I for one do not despair. I have found and I still find in this world so much kindness, so much unselfishness, so much good humour, so much good fun, that I cannot believe that mankind will not find a way out of the tangle of the times without such destruction as suggests that whenever one devil is driven out a legion of devils must necessarily take its place.

TWO MEN



The then Mr. Justice Wright, who heard this extraordinary case, "blew the reputations of the Hoff brothers to smithereens"

INSURANCE *frauds are in the air, but not all of them come off. Here is the astonishing story told by David Masters, an expert in these matters, of how the bluff was called in what was probably the most audacious and gigantic plot of the kind ever attempted*

THE recent great fire-raising conspiracy opened the eyes of the public to insurance swindles; but for sheer brilliance and audacity the attempted fraud of the Hoff brothers upon Lloyd's underwriters will take some beating.

Pillage and famine and murder turned the Russian Revolution into a nightmare; and we know how the Bolsheviks repudiated all debts and seized everything in Russia worth seizing.

Esthonia, taking advantage of the upheaval, promptly cut away from Russia and became a separate country, with the result that the owners of the Panevezys-Pastovai Railway were very difficult to find. Until the revolution the line was owned by a Russian company, but during the horror many of the shareholders with their shares vanished for ever.

Imagine the situation. A railway which Russia had lost, with the ownership in doubt and the majority of shares missing, a railway which, properly developed and worked, might perhaps be worth several millions—or it might not!

The juggler

It was a big temptation. The man who produced the missing shares in sufficient numbers would dominate the railway and be entitled to a potential fortune.

This was the situation in 1924 when Mr. Jacob Hoff began his operations to gain control of the line. He juggled in shares with the cleverness of a Cinquevalli. He bought some genuine shares which made him a real shareholder in the railway, and in the most devious way managed to obtain receipts for a large number of the vanished shares.

His astuteness was incredible. He endowed the shares with a fictitious value by insisting on a receipt showing he had paid £6 10s. for genuine shares, whereas he paid only 6s. each. Incidentally, other shareholders paid only 1s. 2½d. for their shares. His most masterly touch of all was to induce a British bank to advance £10 each on some of the shares.

All this took time and money. Once he slipped up when he put forward 300 shares bearing similar numbers to those on genuine shares held by other people. But the Hoff brothers had wide ramifications, and he got over it by going through his list of shares and substituting other numbers that were not duplicated.

The Esthonian Government duly took over the railway, as was expected, and the reconstituted company began to press for heavy compensation.

Such was the position when the plot was launched.

One day in the normal course of business a policy was taken out with Lloyd's underwriters to insure 45,000 of these shares, which Mr. Jacob Hoff valued at £10 each, against loss by theft while being conveyed from Riga to London. There was nothing unusual about the transaction, so the underwriters accepted the risk, and a premium of £337 10s.

It was a terrific shock to them when the news came through that the shares had been stolen from the railway carriage while Mr. Elias Hoff, to whom they were entrusted, was asleep. They were faced with a claim for over £400,000.

They pay promptly enough when there is no doubt on the matter. For instance, they paid out over £1,000,000 within ten days of the *Egypt* sinking.

But somehow this claim aroused their suspicions and they began to make enquiries. They dared to doubt the word of the powerful Hoff brothers and to match their intelligence against some of the shrewdest minds on the Continent.

Night robbery

The underwriters studied the simple tale of Mr. Elias Hoff, who told how he packed the shares into fifteen or sixteen parcels in order to get them into a trunk. On top of the parcels he placed a suit which made it difficult to close the lid, and as part of the suit stuck out he opened the trunk, after his chauffeur and a man had struggled with it into the train, and was tucking in the suit when a lawyer friend asked him what was in the parcels.

"Shares," said Mr. Elias Hoff, who went off alone in the coupé at the end of the railway coach with his trunk at midnight on November 19, 1925, and grew so tired that despite the warning of his brother to keep awake he fell asleep and wakened to find the trunk had disappeared.

His brother Jacob, who met him at Kovno with a lawyer, was very angry when he heard the news.

It seemed a watertight case, with a lawyer to swear he had seen the shares in Elias Hoff's possession on the train and another to swear they were missing when he arrived in Kovno, so watertight that this point alone was peculiar enough to arouse suspicion.

With £400,000 at stake, the underwriters let loose their experts to find out the truth.

It was easy enough to say they did not believe the story, but a different proposition to prove beyond doubt that it was false.

Mr. Elias Hoff little knew that directly this train passed through one station the porter always turned out the light and walked home along the track. The porter was striding along when he came on a parcel, with a torn corner, which had obviously been dropped from the train. Hoping it was something useful, he was disgusted to find nothing but bits of paper, which turned out to be 2,260 of the stolen shares.

A few hours later the empty trunk was found on the railway embankment.

As it happened, this was an incredible piece of luck for the underwriters. Had the trunk been dropped a minute or two earlier or later the result might have been different.

But it landed plump on a new embankment, which bore only the impression of the trunk and the footprints of the man who found it, so it was useless after that to suggest that it had been thrown out full and emptied by waiting confederates. A little further on was the river into which the trunk was, no doubt, intended to disappear.

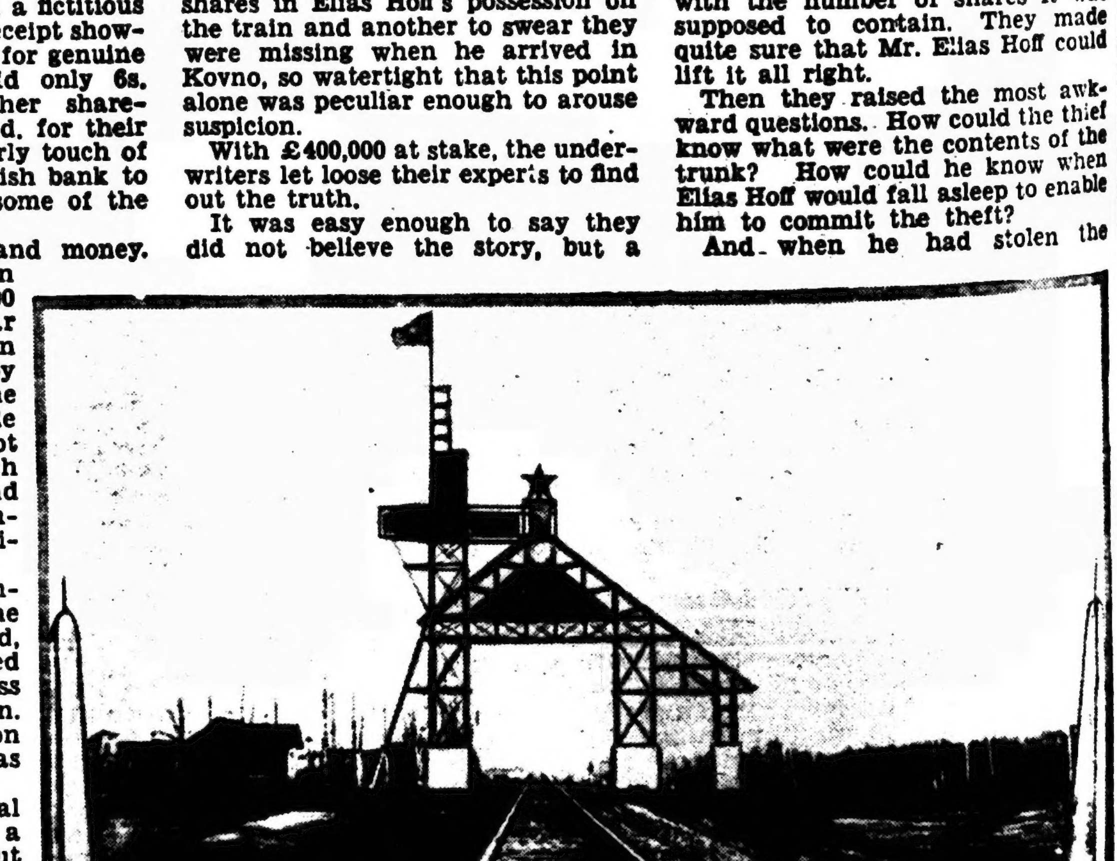
Quietly the investigators pursued their task, visiting the Continental capitals, picking up information here and there and piecing it together. The two men struggling with the trunk to the train were a bit of a problem, and a strong point in Elias Hoff's favour. But was it too heavy for one man to lift? How could they prove it?

Posers . . .

They settled the point very cleverly. Making a similar trunk, they obtained one of the original shares, matched the weight and size of the paper, and then filled the box with the number of shares it was supposed to contain. They made quite sure that Mr. Elias Hoff could lift it all right.

Then they raised the most awkward questions. How could the thief know what were the contents of the trunk? How could he know when Elias Hoff would fall asleep to enable him to commit the theft?

And when he had stolen the



A view of "the stolen railway." The white posts at each end mark the Esthonian boundary; the erection behind, the entrance to Soviet Russia. The rails between these two points are actually over "no man's land"

who Stole a RAILWAY

Most Audacious of all Insurance Frauds

shares, what good were they to him? They were bearer shares, which could be replaced only by a special order of the Government. He could not use them nor sell them. The robbery was notified, the numbers were known; if anyone had voted on those numbers at a meeting of the company, enquiries would have been made at once.

As a matter of fact, the shares simply disappeared, so why should a thief go to all that trouble for nothing? And why should a thief who went to so much risk to steal the shares carelessly cast a parcel of 2,000 on the railway? Thieves do not steal for the fun of the thing, so on the face of it the robbery was without motive and without sense.

The Hoffs stuck to their story, so the underwriters went on undermining it with logic and common sense. At a station called Kebliai, Elias Hoff was chatting with a railway official, and by the time the train reached Gubernya, a distance of five miles, he was asleep and the trunk and shares stolen.

Quick work!

The train took sixteen minutes to travel those five miles. Naturally the custodian of the shares must have taken two or three minutes to fall asleep. Even if the thief could have removed such a heavy trunk quite noiselessly without disturbing the sleeper, he must have taken three or four minutes to do it and get it along the corridor to the end of the carriage to throw it out of the train. It left him about ten minutes to open the trunk, take out all the contents and make them vanish—slick work, and dangerous.

All the while this was going on, Mr. Elias Hoff was sleeping innocently and continued to sleep—so he said—for three hours. How, in the circumstances, was it possible for the underwriters to disprove his words?

The working of the railway itself came to their rescue. At Schavli the train was broken up, a lot of shunting took place, ten goods trucks and five tank wagons were taken off, a mail van was added and the engine changed. And the guard went through the corridors as usual warning passengers to change for other destinations. Such shunting makes an infernal noise, yet Mr. Hoff slept calmly through it all.

He admitted he was feeling sleepy before reaching Kebliai, and although he was in charge of these highly-valued shares he did not lock the door of his compartment.

"There was no lock," he said.

Railway officials proved him wrong. There was a lock which would keep out anyone except a railway official who had the key, and a safety catch which would allow the door to be opened only a few inches—not far enough for anyone to enter. These little points, overlooked in the plan of the Hoffs, were of the utmost importance.

If only Mr. Elias Hoff could have enjoyed those three hours of unbroken slumber it would have been a godsend to him. But the noise at Schavli cast doubt on his deep sleep, and the guard of the train made things worse.

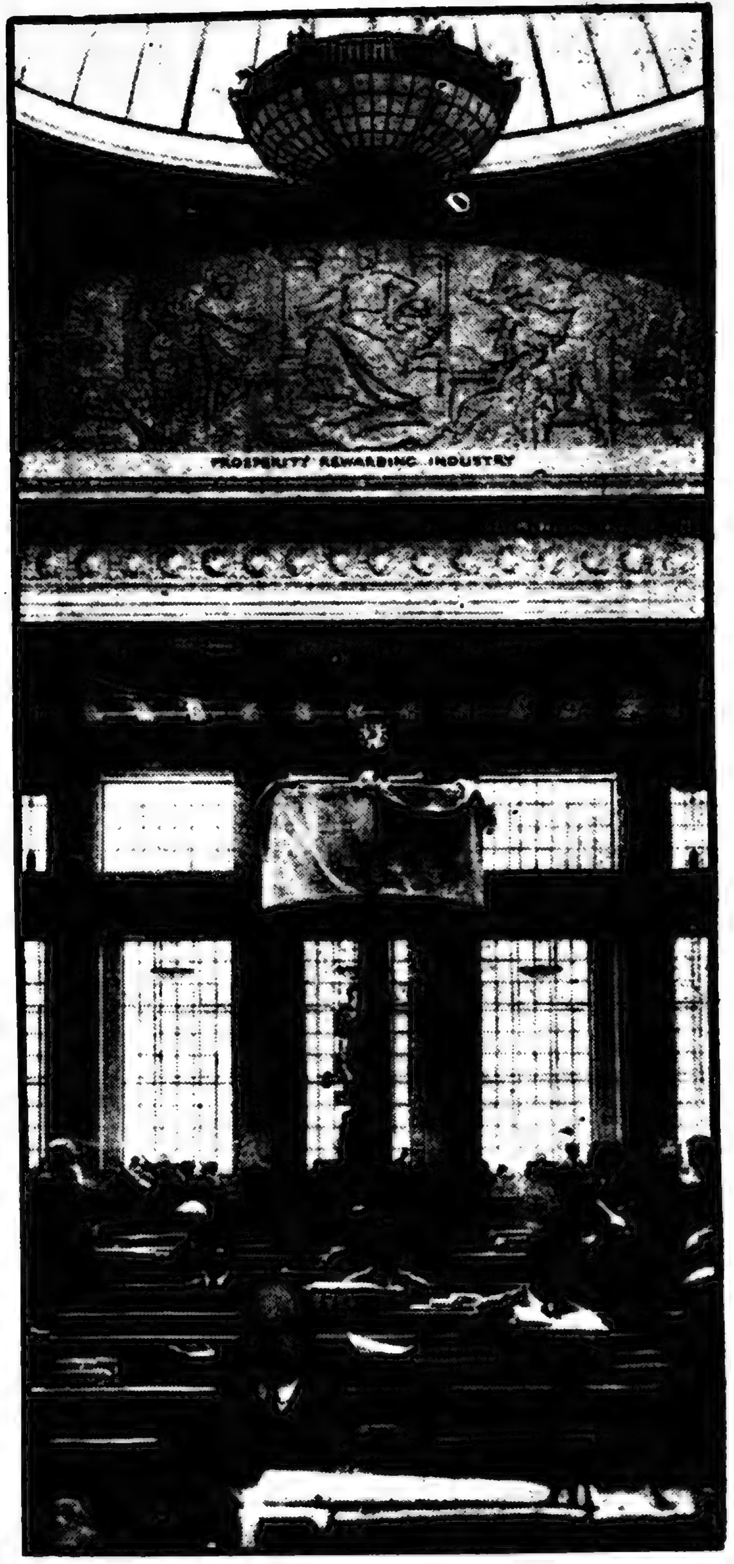
Open eyes...

When they left the junction after the bustle of shunting, the guard doing his usual round opened the door of Mr. Hoff's compartment to see if any new passenger had entered. As he glanced in he saw Mr. Hoff open his eyes and look at him. Two hours later the guard again looked into the compartment, and once more Mr. Hoff opened his eyes.

Still Mr. Hoff asserted that he did not wake until at least an hour later.

The guard had nothing to gain by saying that Mr. Hoff opened his eyes, but Mr. Hoff had a lot to gain by denying it. When doubts were cast on the contents of the case, the Hoffs found a passport official, who swore it was full. Unfortunately for the plotters, the Customs officer who examined it remembered it was only partly full, with some books in it and two parcels which Mr. Hoff declared were shares, so he tore a corner of one to see—which explains the torn corner of the package picked up on the line by the porter.

In spite of everything, the Hoffs persisted with their claim. The underwriters, sure of their ground, fought a terrific legal battle, which lasted seven weeks. The Hoffs tried to bluff it out, but the facts were hopelessly against them.



The underwriters' room at Lloyd's. How members of the great insurance market frustrated the bogus share plotters is a story fascinating and memorable

"I suggest to you that there was no robbery at all," said Mr. W. A. Jowitt, K.C., in court.

"That is a personal opinion," replied Mr. Elias Hoff.

"And that having sufficient shares to show to the Customs officer you dropped them out of the window," continued Mr. Jowitt.

"That is all presumption by you," answered Mr. Hoff.

"And having emptied your trunk, you flung it from the end of the carriage," added Mr. Jowitt.

"I have sworn it was stolen, and your personal opinion does not concern me," retorted Mr. Hoff.

Imagine an innocent man talking like that!

The most astounding thing was that the Hoffs actually had in their possession the new shares, replaced by official decree, while they were trying to force the underwriters to pay. The Hoffs calmly claimed damages because, while the shares were "missing," they were deprived of their voting rights and the other shareholders accepted from the Esthonian Government compensation which the Hoffs regarded as much too small.

A triumph!

The judge blew the reputations of Elias and Jacob Hoff to smithereens when he found that the shares, which were over-valued, were not stolen at all.

To celebrate their triumph, the underwriters presented to the library at Lloyd's an exact replica in silver of the railway coach, showing the man and his trunk in the coupé. It is a souvenir of a gigantic fraud which failed.

THE SWAN THAT FLEW

THE Swan Hosiery Company, of 142, Cheltenham Road, Bristol, is responsible for a particularly mean trick played recently upon readers in various parts of the country.

A Rochester reader was favoured with an invitation to take part in a competition in which five towns were to be correctly named, the first prize for an accurate solution to be £3.

One of the simple problems to be solved was the naming of a place illustrated by the picture of a man engaged painting a motor-car red. There seemed little doubt that this was intended to indicate the Yorkshire town of Redcar.

It was equally easy to guess the solution to other puzzles, and readers in Rochester, Ipswich and elsewhere qualified for the cash, which the company promised to send by registered post.

But soon a second letter was forthcoming in which A. F. Allen, the proprietor of a business described as "merchants and specialists," had the impertinence to enclose a bargain list of "art silk" stockings, together with an order form.

The *simple* conditions in the ridiculously easy competition were now revealed. It was necessary for winning entrants to send cash with order for not less than 7s. 6d. worth of goods.

One extremely poor woman scraped together 8s. 3d. in the hope that she might receive £3, and another forwarded a postal order for 17s. 3d. A third hopefully sent along 11s. and sat down to wait for due reward.

* * *

At this stage, the Swan Hosiery Company sent out a third series of letters pointing out that when orders had been received for goods to the value of £7 the prize money would be immediately remitted.

One poor woman who sent hard-won shillings for stockings now finds herself in straitened circumstances as a result.

When eventually she received the much-vaunted hosiery—the special bargain, superior quality, made on the most modern machine—she was disappointed in its quality.

Yet she was fortunate in some respects, for others have not received any goods at all.

The Swan Hosiery Company is a business name, registered by a Mr. A. F. Allen as recently as August 22nd this year.

And now letters of protest from its disappointed clients are being returned by the postal authorities marked "Gone away."

ROUGH SHOPWORK HANDS

skin-care specialist
tells how to smooth
and soften yours

Medical photograph (magnified) showing effects of dermatitis calorica — chapping. "Vaseline" Jelly heals chapping at once, specialists say.

SHOPWORK — behind a counter all day — soon roughens hands. Skin grows hard. Dust settles into pores . . . Why have "hard-worked" looking hands ? So easy to heal and smooth away roughness, with this medical treatment.

What a famous specialist says

"With 'Vaseline' Jelly . . . the skin again becomes soft and pliable," says Dr. Kromayer of Berlin, the famous skin-care specialist. Because "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is a pure emollient as well as being the best skin protection known to doctors. It supplies *naturally* the oil your skin needs. Begin tonight! Rub a little well in for half-a-minute at bedtime, then wipe clean. You will be amazed at the marvellous change ! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

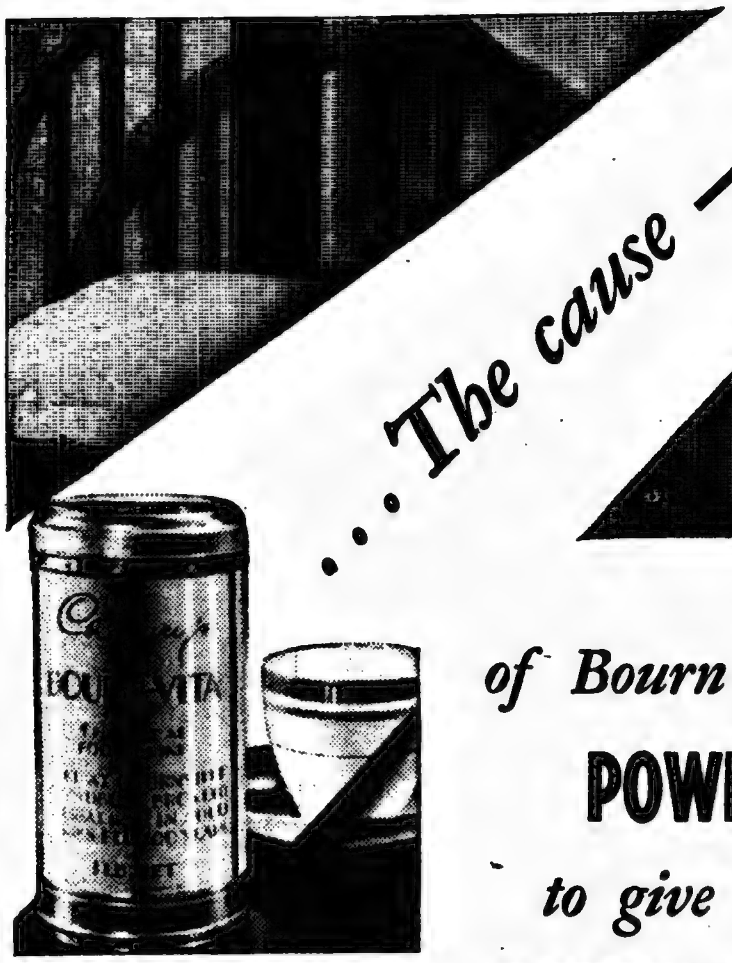
● *Splendid also to soften cuticles*

Hoarse ?

You need

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist stocks them
4d. per oz.
In tins:
2 ozs. **8d.** 4 oz. 1/3



. . . The cause –

of Bourn-vita's

POWER

to give you

BETTER SLEEP

Drink a cup of Bourn-vita *to-night*, at bed-time! To-morrow you will want to know *the cause* of this better sleep you have enjoyed—of this new sense of morning well-being with which it has inspired you. *Why* is Bourn-vita able to do so much *more* for you than those other bed-time food-drinks you have tried?

The main cause of Bourn-vita's superiority over other food-drinks is its unusual concentration of "diastase" (diastase is a natural digestive found in malt). There is proof of this superiority in the adjoining panel.

The soothing effect of a cup of Bourn-vita at bed-time, and the refreshing sleep which follows, are largely the result of this diastase in Bourn-vita *relieving your digestion of over-work.* The feeling of far, far greater fitness in the morning is the outcome of the wonderful "energy-nourishment" Bourn-vita's choice ingredients provide. *Just because* you are able to sleep, undisturbed by nervous restlessness or digestive discomforts, your system is left free to absorb every atom of the concentrated goodness in this splendid scientific combination of British malt, fresh milk, new-laid eggs and chocolate.

Start drinking Bourn-vita at bed-time to-night.

THE INDEPENDENT PROOF OF BOURN-VITA'S SUPERIORITY

The digestibility and "digestive power" of a food-drink largely decide how much help it can give you towards sleeping better. A famous Professor of Bio-chemistry has tested the amount of diastase (a natural digestive found in malt) in the best-known food-drinks, and has proved conclusively that Bourn-vita is pre-eminent in "digestive power." This is the result of the test:—

— RESULT OF TEST —

Diastatic power of **BOURN-VITA—49.8**
(*Lintner value*)

Diastatic power of Next Highest—**29.0**
(*Lintner value*)

(Diastatic power of the lowest 2.2; the average of the eight tested being 12.1.)

Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita !

¼ lb. 9D
½ lb. 1/5
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

for sleep and energy

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear

Infection Overcome

Your Cold must disappear

WHILST the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the infection is not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief —

- Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.
- Carries an active germicide into direct contact with the infected area. (Every cold is an infection and, therefore, dangerous.)

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep "Vapex" in the house so that you can use it at the first sign of a cold—that "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Delay is dangerous. Use "Vapex" and Breathe.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V105

THIS
UMBRELLA
IS MADE ON
FOX'S
FRAME
TRADE MARKS
S.FOX & Co LIMITED
PARAGON

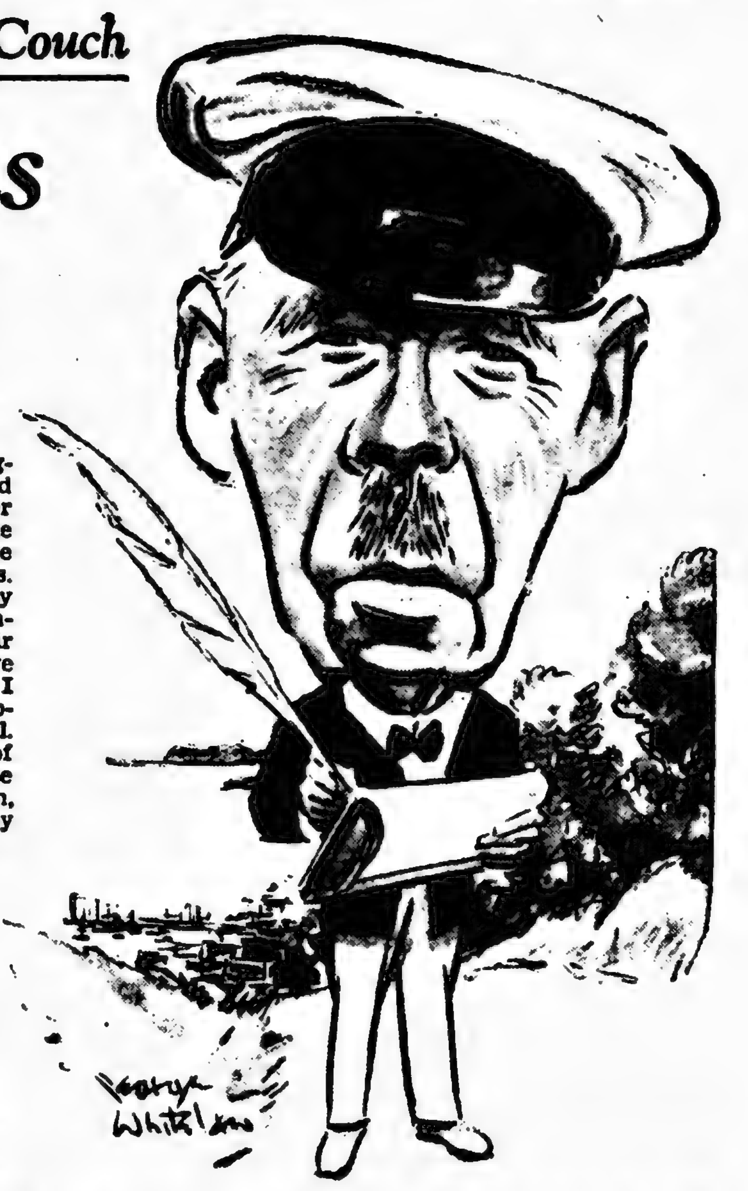
This ticket means security

●● It marks an umbrella with a frame that possesses strength and resiliency. Every rib in every Fox's Frame is tested before it leaves the works and it is this scrupulous care in the manufacture, combined with the use of finest Sheffield steel, that makes them the most reliable and the neatest you can obtain. Make sure your umbrella has a Fox's Frame.

FOX'S FRAME EVERY RIB IN EVERY FRAME IS TESTED

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

You showed us ROMANCE



MY DEAR "Q.,"—So you have arrived at seventy, the allotted age. So, like many others, you are looking back. Well, there is much to look back on.

Many are now paying you tribute, not only because of your qualities of mind, but because, behind them, a heart has always beaten.

You have not lost, as King Edward VII Professor of English Literature, a zest for championing, every now and then, causes which bookworms are, as a rule, apt to despise.

You came out, a few weeks ago, in an outspoken attack on the so-called "economies" made at the expense of the education of poor children. You remembered, no doubt, that some of the colleges whose undergraduates you lecture on the great authors of the past at Cambridge were stolen from poor children, on whose behalf they were originally built as charity foundations.

Few remember that. It should be known to all.

Yes, you have always had the common touch.

Your good fortune, as a Professor of English, is that your seventy years of life have been perhaps the most fruitful of great literature of all English eras, except the reign of Queen Elizabeth. You could extol your contemporaries. Your successor, I am afraid, will have to talk merely of the past.

For you are almost the last survivor of the school of English romantic writers which included, not long ago, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope and Seton Merriman. Yes, and others. They came along when Stevenson had finished.

You coined the phrase, "The delectable Duchy," meaning Cornwall, and you told us of its romance. Others scoured the world for furbelows and rapiers, princesses travelling as ladies' companions, half-masks and dashing adventures.

What on earth has become of the character that made up the novels of the last three or four decades?

Is Romance dead?

It was Scott and Dickens who made literature popular. Before then, either authors had patrons, or they wrote to please the few. Scott and Dickens made literature a national heritage. And then there came after them a great procession of authors, most of whom have been numbered among your friends.

There were no logrollers in those days. No authors who praised their fellow-authors' work, either as "critics" or as friends who sent in letters of praise knowing they would reach a publisher's advertisement. Men worked. They did not boast.

Literature, comparatively, is a joke nowadays. Here and there, a Dreiser or a Sinclair Lewis writes a brutal exposure, only to get into trouble, or an Upton Sinclair digs deep into the scandals of graft. All those three are American. There is very little at this moment in Britain.

You are not only a novelist, but an anthologist. Yes, and whatever Fates brought about your destiny, they chose for you, as an anthologist, a time in which there was much fine verse from which you could choose. So your "Oxford Book of Verse" became a gem.

It was the war, I suppose, that killed Romance. When thrones tottered, the public saw the plotting behind the glamour.

Ruritania was exposed as one of the quarrelsome, petty States that helped to cause the war—a country that turned out its king.

Thousands of soldiers went abroad and saw Syria and India and Arabia, yes, and the Dardanelles and Salonica and Egypt—all the countries from which "Romance" had come—and saw what they really were.

Thousands of them left their bones behind. There was not much romance in that.

No, the Rider Haggards have gone, and the John Oliver Hobbeses and, of the lesser kind, the Florence Barclays. The authors of to-day seem afraid of confessing that their characters have hearts and souls. I suppose psycho-analysis killed it all. When, instead of passion, they wrote of inhibitions; when, instead of love, they talked of sex repressions; when, instead of making a hero romantic, they fell back on Freud—well, the great public ceased to take an interest.

Your own wonderful county of Cornwall might be called "The Dirty Duchy," nowadays, if some of the modern novelists had been searching for a title.

"Q.," you and I know that Romance is not really dead. It is coloured, roseate pink, by every new morning's sun. The blaze of high moon gives it glory, dimmed only when sunset comes. Then, there is Romance in the evening's light of the moon. And, in spite of all these "modern" poets, there are still rhymes for "love." Why, the word is a song in itself.

When Romance really dies, there will be an end of Man's high adventure. But it will never end. . . .

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN,
Transport and General Workers' Union

Dear Mr. Bevin,—The £7,000 damages awarded you for libel against a Communist newspaper is an excellent vindication of your settlement of the London 'bus strike.

It is more. It vindicates your colleagues, and is a stern warning to those irresponsible gasbags whose political propaganda consists of abuse and baseless accusations.

I am the last person to oppose fair criticism, but I agree that such a dastardly attack as was made on your personal character deserved heavy punishment.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR LAMBERT,
Newcastle United Golf Club

Dear Sir Arthur,—You may mean well when you think it would be a fine idea to make special golf courses where unemployed miners could learn the "royal and ancient game."

Let me tell you of a Yorkshire town, Stanley, that hopes to train idle miners as weavers and thus start a new local industry.

Stanley could teach you a lot.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. DORA LONG,
Kearsley, Dover

Madam,—You are a widow with £500 a year; your father has to live on public relief.

Now a London magistrate has ordered you to pay ten shillings a week towards his maintenance.

Any woman with a spark of common humanity would not have waited for that court decision.

JOHN BULL.

Judge MOORE,
Southwark County Court

Your Honour,—A lot of men will be relieved to hear that a husband is not always liable for his wife's debts.

When a man was sued for the price of some towels bought by his wife, you said that if a woman is supplied with sufficient money for household expenses, she has no right to pledge her husband's credit.

But I'm sure you will agree with me that we shan't know "where we are" until the law affecting the whole subject of a wife's debts is straightened out.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

Dear Sir,—It is scandalous that when an unemployed man ceases to be insurable and becomes a public assistance patient he should have to go to a different doctor.

Let him continue with the doctor who understands him. Why not?

JOHN BULL.

Major I. MOSSOP, D.S.O.,
Alderney, Channel Islands

Brave Sir,—Because you were annoyed with two little children, aged six and five, you thrashed them badly with a dog-whip which you had hidden under your coat.

That is the sort of thing we expect from a cowardly ruffian rather than a man who holds a decoration for bravery on the battlefield.

I should not have been distressed had you been treated as a ruffian instead of being fined £10.

JOHN BULL.

Miss M. SEYMOUR,
Selly Oak, Birmingham

Dear Miss Seymour,—When you found a man in your bedroom you seized him, marched him downstairs, put him in your car, and drove him to the police station.

A little story, but it says much for your courage and determination.

And it's a story that will make me laugh aloud when next I hear some greybeard deploring the "spinelessness" and "lack of pluck" of the modern girl.

More power to your elbow!

JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. C. FOWLER,
Mayor of Durham

Gallant Sir,—You have told the Old Comrades' Association that though you served on eight fronts during the war you never heard a shot fired.

You were one of the lucky ones, but why boast about it?

JOHN BULL.

Rev. F. E. LEE,
St. John's, Cudworth

Dear Vicar,—As soon as you heard that a local Roman Catholic church had been destroyed by fire, you offered your parish hall for all Catholic services until rebuilding could be effected.

The Catholic priest has accepted, and services will go on side by side.

That's an example of religious toleration well worth following, and proof that religious differences are not really so big as we think when an emergency arises.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN THAIN,
Elmfield Avenue, Aberdeen

Dear John,—You have dealt a sad blow to the Aberdeen folk who pull English legs by posing as mean.

As you are a pensioner your are probably not overburdened with riches, yet you went fifty-fifty with the finder of a £1 note you had lost.

Still, I expect your fellow-townsmen will forgive you.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir MALCOLM ROBERTSON,
Rutland Gate, London, S.W.

Dear Sir Malcolm,—All of us owe much to modern commercial enterprise, but probably few of us realise how much that enterprise has been built up by the ordinary commercial traveller.

I welcome, therefore, your appeal on behalf of the three hundred orphans and necessitous children of commercial travellers.

I know how well they are cared for and educated, and I hope your appeal meets with the widespread public support it deserves.

JOHN BULL.

The JUSTICES,
Gowerton, Glamorgan

Gentlemen,—Of course, thirteen-year-old Willie Thomas ought to have gone to school instead of running errands for a few coppers.

But his mother told you that she had ten to feed, and not one of them was in work.

You fined her 3s. 6d., but how do you think she will find even that small sum?

JOHN BULL.

DAVID BULLOCK,
Bianca Street, Bootle

Thief,—You touched the depths of meanness when you stole the money subscribed by your workmates for the National Institute for the Blind.

Perhaps you are ashamed of yourself—now that you have been found out.

But you ought to be grateful for being let off with a fine instead of having to spend Christmas in jail.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. E. BOARDMAN,
Manchester Licensing Bench

Dear Sir,—That was a well-merited warning you gave in granting extensions of drinking hours for festive occasions.

You were aware, you said, that in some cases waiters had been made to work nineteen hours continuously. If that kind of thing didn't stop, extensions would be refused.

And a better reason for doing so would be hard to find.

JOHN BULL.

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150 ..... 7/3
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—G. J., Stafford Road, Wolverhampton.

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LEAGUE or PACT?

by A. G. Gardiner

THERE is to be no welcome Christmas-box from Geneva after all. The dove of peace will not be released to carry its message of good will over the earth.

In other words, the Disarmament Conference, which was to have reassembled next week to conclude a convention under which the nations would begin to lay down their arms, will not meet. It has been postponed, and when it will be summoned again no one knows.

Negotiations outside the Conference are to go on; but the naked and ugly fact is that the Disarmament Conference, like the World Economic Conference, has vanished into space.

Can it be recaptured, or is it gone for ever? And if so, what then? Does it mean that all hope of European reconciliation is to be abandoned and that rearmament is to go on until the world is plunged into another war?

To put the issue in another way, are we faced with a breakdown of the machinery of peace or with a breakdown of the will to make peace? If it is the former, then the case is not hopeless. If the latter it is desperate.

A *deadly blow*

I do not think it is the latter. I do not believe any government or any country really wants war. On the contrary, all are dreadfully afraid of war—so afraid that, paradoxically enough, they cannot make peace. And the question is whether the present machinery of peace can be made efficient, or whether it must be scrapped and a new machine devised?

It is not only the Disarmament Conference that has come to grief. The League of Nations, too, is in desperate case. When Hitler announced the withdrawal of Germany he dealt both the Conference and the League a deadly blow. The League was already reeling under two great failures. It had failed to check Japan's adventure in Manchuria and it had failed to implement the World Economic Conference.

Those failures encouraged Hitler to believe that he could challenge it as successfully as Japan had done. He had no love for it because he believed it was fundamentally a League of the victors against the vanquished.

It would be absurd to deny that he had ground for this belief, and unfortunately in changing the proposed disarmament scheme in October the dominant party in the League gave him ample excuse for saying he would have no more truck with a body from which Germany could not expect a square deal.

It was a blunder for which France was mainly responsible. But this country was also gravely to blame, for, if Sir John Simon had refused to sanction the new demands of France, Hitler would have had no ground for saying that the dice at Geneva were loaded against Germany. He would have stayed in the Conference and fought the question out there. It was our surrender to France that did the mischief.

Can the authority of the League be re-established? I hope that it can, for it is still the only visible framework for a European Concert. But the obstacles are great. Four of the seven great military Powers of the world—Germany, Russia, United States and Japan—are now outside the League. Hitler has found that he can make Germany far more formidable outside than inside.

"Come to Rome!" calls Mussolini: but if the dictator's dream came true it might be a nightmare for Europe

Mussolini's dream

In upsetting the apple-cart he has made those who drive that vehicle much more anxious to have him aboard than they were before. Mr. Macdonald has repeatedly invited him to resume his seat, but he thinks he has more to gain from a Europe in dissolution than from a Europe organised by the League. He is not disposed to return and he will certainly not return except on terms very different from those of October 14th.

And it is not only Hitler who threatens the League's existence. Italy is playing an in-and-out policy which is most disquieting. Mussolini has never been a cordial friend of the League, and has ostentatiously absented himself from Geneva from the beginning. It may be, as is said, that he has sworn never to re-enter the country where he suffered imprisonment in his Socialist days.

Hitherto he has not openly attacked the League; but now the Italian Press, which, like the German Press, is only allowed to express the mind of the dictator, is carrying on a furious propaganda against the League. Mussolini himself has described that institution as "absurd," and he would plainly be glad to see the shutters put up at Geneva, and the affairs of Europe committed to the Four-Power Pact of which he is the chief author.

This would appeal to his vanity by making Rome the principal theatre of the European drama. It has also this practical advantage, that Germany is in the Four-Power Pact, and the question of her return to the European Concert would not arise. She would be there as a matter of course, and having Italy more or less on her side would have no reason to fear that she would not have a fair deal.

The position, therefore, is this: France and Great Britain stand steadfastly by the League. Germany will have nothing to do with the League; but is ready to negotiate with France, Poland or anybody else with whom she can make a deal. France is ready to negotiate, but only through the League. Italy, while still nominally attached to the League, does not care twopence for it, and wants everything to be done through the Four-Power Pact.

That is the position. How can we got a Concert of Europe out of these discordant motives?

It is obvious that the German method of making separate deals won't do. It would make Europe a scramble for alliances.

We can see what would happen from what has happened in regard to the "conversations" between Germany and Poland. It is good, of course, that Germany and Poland should fraternise and agree to exclude France from their negotiations. If they did so under the umbrella of the League there would be nothing to worry about. But in making friends with Poland outside the League, Germany has alarmed France, which sees in the incident an attempt to detach Poland from herself.

That is not the way out of the wood.

Let's have both!

Would the Italian way be better? Can we scrap the League of Nations, and hand over the destiny of Europe to the Four-Power Pact? The objection to that course is that Britain, France, Italy and Germany are not Europe.

They might conceivably settle the problem of disarmament which is mainly theirs. But they could not settle the revision of the Versailles Treaty. That affects Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Austria, Greece and other countries which are entitled to be heard.

What we need is a European solution of a European problem. That can only be achieved by a European instrument, and that is the case for the League of Nations. It represents the ideals we must pursue if Europe is to be reconciled, disarmed and pacified.

Let us, by all means, use the Four-Power Pact to the utmost. But let us use it within the framework of the League, which embodies that unity and solidarity of the nations which can alone establish peace on an enduring foundation.

Not from the B.B.C.—Dr. R. A. McCance on—

SCIENCE and SAUSAGES

I AM Doctor McCance;
If you give me a chance,
Information galore I'll supply
On the subject of food,
What is bad, what is good,
And what meat the housewife should buy.

If there's anything I
Do not know, then apply
To a colleague of mine, H. L. Shipp;
For if you should wish
To learn all about fish,
He's the lad who can give you the tip.

The cooks of to-day
Should undoubtedly pay
Us homage. But how many glance
At the writings of Shipp
Or with eagerness sip
Up the wisdom of R. A. McCance?

I ask this question, more in sorrow than in surprise, because it has been borne in upon my collaborator and me that there is no danger of our latest literary work becoming a Best Seller.

Perhaps the mistake the good Shipp and I made was in entitling this work, issued by the Medical Research Council, "The Chemistry of Flesh Foods and their Losses on Cooking."

Publicity experts say that this is not as snappy as it might be, and that we would have had a better chance of elbowing J. B. Priestley and Charles Laughton out of the limelight with a title such as "The Food Companions" or "The Private Life of a Fried Sole."

But even though our little effort is unlikely to compete in popularity with "The Mystery of the Boiled Bishop," we claim to have set out to solve more engrossing mysteries than those investigated by authors of the who-done-'im-in? variety.

One harrowing mystery with which we have bravely grappled is: "Why does the Sunday joint shrink?" But we fear that our solution will not be popular, as we have been compelled to reveal that the real culprit is the British housewife.

She it is who cheats her long-suffering husband out of his full ration of beef by overcooking the joint, and habitually conspires with gas companies to rob him by using a needlessly hot oven.

But, far from receiving our well-meant strictures in a proper spirit of submissiveness, the housewives of Great Britain are inclined to treat with deplorable levity the idea that, surrounded by his test tubes in a laboratory, a scientist can find out more about cooking than a housewife juggling with her pots and pans in a kitchen.

It is this spirit of flippancy which must have inspired a rhyme forwarded by one who signs herself "Jane Bull":

I'm a really wicked woman, who should promptly be exposed,
Although not like the vampires of the screen,
With eyes of burning passion, heavy eyelids, almost closed,
And nothing where a tea-gown should have been!
I'm not at all exotic, but the Borgias would look
Mere amateurs beside me (so they tell me) when I cook.

For years have learned scientists indicted me of crimes,
Yet, somehow, I go calmly on my way;
The roast beef of old England may be overcooked, at times,
But it has made us what we are to-day!
So the virtues of spaghetti food fanatics sing in vain,
And I'll use the hottest oven, though it gives the "experts" pain.

Who are these blessed "experts"? *That* is what I want to know!
Have they ever fried a haddock in a pan?
Though I try to keep good-humoured, I experience a glow
Of righteous indignation when a man,
Even though he is a doctor, calmly sets out to instruct
His grandmamma and others as to how eggs should be sucked!

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FREE.—New list of Printing for Dances, Whist Drives, Socials, Bazaars, etc.—Stafford & Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Nottingham.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey, Colours and Mixtures from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds, Egerton Burnett's W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers send for free bargain list. —"Uneedus," 70-72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

CHINA direct at factory prices. Teacups and Saucers, 3/- doz. Plates, 1/7. Full-size 21-piece Teaset, 3/6. Cld. catalogue free. — DIRECT POTTERY CO., BURSLEM, STAFFS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

LIFE-SIZE ENLARGEMENTS for 1/9. Don't miss this bargain offer on page 2.

WONDERFUL FREE CATALOGUE. — The Drage 'Xmas Number is brimful of interesting information, short stories, 'Xmas Gifts, and a beautiful free gift of Furniture, varying according to the value of the Furniture selected. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 27 now, while you think of it, and secure your copy of this very attractive publication.

14/6 a month buys a Boyd guaranteed Piano. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for free Catlg. as offered in the advt. on p. 41.

Sudden Chills Upset YOUR LIVER

LIVER
STOMACH
BOWELS

BILE BEANS act directly on the Liver & are thus indispensable at this season

Take a Dose To Night!

The Proved Remedy for
CONSTIPATION, LIVER TROUBLE, INDIGESTION, ACID STOMACH, FLATULENCE, HEADACHE DIZZINESS, RHEUMATISM, NERVES ANÆMIA & DEBILITY

IF the liver is not working properly, it cannot deliver the proper amount of bile (Nature's own laxative), and the stomach, kidneys, bowels and the heart may in turn become affected. November weather upsets the liver and gives you a pain in the back, an out-of-sorts feeling, minor pains, and probably indigestion and constipation.

For over thirty years Bile Beans have been recognised as **the world's greatest liver specific.** Their success is due to the presence in each pill of a valuable liver stimulant, which helps to restore the liver's functions. Bile Beans get the liver once again secreting the right quantity of bile and enable you to throw off a chill.

Take Bile Beans at bedtime to make you well and keep you fit. Be sure to have a supply of this splendid family medicine always in the house.

WELL AFTER 10 YEARS

"I suffered for 10 years," says Mrs. M. Snow, of 51, Fairfax Road, Hornsey, N.8. "I felt headachy, depressed, irritable and tired. I had pains in my limbs and body, was constipated, and often turned dizzy. In my alarm I went to the hospital, where I was told that further neglect might have serious results. On trying Bile Beans I found they were the very thing I needed. These vegetable pills soon banished the constipation, headaches and other pains. Now I feel ever so bright and energetic."

Registered Trade Mark, Bile Beans (No. 484261) on every package. Sold Everywhere.

BILE BEANS

QUALITY Wools.—Knit. 1d., 1½d., 1¾d., 2½d. oz. Rug. 6d., 11d., 1/3 lb. Silky Cable, 1/6½. Samps. free. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newc'le/T.

WORLD-FAMOUS Brand Winter Weight natural wool mixture, 4/11. Pants and Vests slightly soiled by spot of oil from machinery, 2/9 per garment, post free. Outsize, 3/3. Satisfaction or money returned.—H. H. Willis, 196/7, Rodbourne Road, Swindon.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs. Mus. Inst. etc.—List J.B. 1170 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WALLPAPERS.—Special reductions for Xmas decoration from the well-known "Blakey Morris" pattern Book, post free.—Write at once to Blakey Morris & Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55-56, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

A BALLOON and Dance List Free. Monster Parcels, 10s. or £1.—Novelty Stores (Dept. 19), 228, Mile End Road, London.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

SCHOOL BOOTS for hard wear. A special offer of "Young Terror" footwear is made in the "Shop Window" on p. 2.

MEN'S BOOT BARGAINS. See Messrs. Lamdins' advt. of Utility Boot on p. 3.

5/- secures the "Signal" Solid Gold Watch illustrated in the advt. on p. 33. Fill in the coupon for free Catalogue, etc.

WRITE for free Catlg. of Watches, Jewellery, etc., offered in the SAMUEL advt. on p. 30.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, etc. Wonderful New 1934 catalogue, 44 pages, free. Terms.—OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B. 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

BUILD OWN RADIO OR GRAMOPHONE. Radio sets, Kits, Motors and all fittings by best makers. Cash or terms. Lists free.—J. B. Burt, 185, High Street, Deptford, S.E.8.

GRAMOPHONE SOUNDBOXES with metal diaphragm Only 3/9. This remarkable offer appears in the "Shop Window" on p. 3.

IF you want cheaper Radio, fill in the coupon in the Atlas advt. on p. 30 for free booklet.

A GREAT FREE Chart explaining how you can build the Lissen "Skyscraper" Kit Set will be sent to every reader filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 37. Published at 1s., *John Bull* readers can obtain a free copy by posting the coupon. Send it now.

READERS interested in Radio and Radio Gramophones should turn to the announcement of the Columbia Gramophone Co., Ltd., on p. 23.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Liverish? Depressed? — Why? — Blood Pressure. An unfailing remedy and preventative for this is Victoria B.P. MEDICO Blend Tea. Don't suffer. Vitality and Energy restored. 1 lb. samp. 3/-; 4 lb. 10/-. Carr. Pd. Other Teas on app.—Victoria Tea Co., Ltd., Arcade Chbs., Reading.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FOR the too-active brain Allenburys Diet is the best night-cap. Send 3d. stamps for 1 lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 37, Lombard Street, E.C.3.

A MESSAGE to all Sufferers. Try George's Pile and Gravel Pills. 1/3 (box), all Chemists. —Hirwaun, South Wales.

ASTHMA.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You must try it.—Write for Free Booklet No. 29G to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

BRONCHITIS, Tickly Cough. "STOPSIT" compound gives instant relief allowing sleep. Trial bottle, 2/6.—STOPSIT, 213, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

WRITE for free bklt. to Phillips' Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10. It will show you the way to greater vigour and vitality. See p. 14.

FREE.—Fennings' "Everybody's Doctor." See p. 39.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER to *John Bull* readers. Fill in the coupon in the "PHENSIC" advt. on p. 31 for free trial supply of this latest cure for influenza, colds, etc. So confident are the makers in the efficacy of this new product that they invite every reader of *John Bull* to accept a free package. Simply send the coupon.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver Antiques Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc. BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No references required. Write for Autumn and Winter Catalogue also Gentlemen's Catalogue, to Dept. W.F.A., SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

FREE.—A real silk Hanky Puff. Turn to the Tokalon Toilet Preparations advt. on p. 39. for full particulars of this offer.

FREE illus. booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write Dept. J.B.19, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 26.

PURE Beer easily made at home! Turn to the Viggormalt" advt. on p. 39. A trial size is offered and free yeast is supplied with each tin.

WOULD you like a splendid Jig-Saw Puzzle free? A front of a "Pineate" Honey Syrup carton, together with your name and address, sent to Bismag, Ltd. (Dept. R9), Braydon Road, London, N.16, will bring this amusing game by return post. Turn to the advt. which contains this offer on p. 41.

FREE.—A choice of any three of the following "Harlene" Gifts:—(1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and(6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in advt. on the Back Cover, with 4d. stamp for postage, for free samples and manual of instructions.

ROWNTREE'S JELLIES are made in 12 delicious flavours—the usual price is 4½d. a packet. A special offer of four Jellies for the price of three is available to readers until December 16 only. Turn to the announcement on p. 25.

EVERY CHILD should be acquainted with the romantic story of Gulliver's Travels, which are happily illustrated in the new painting book offered by the makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. The book has a delightfully coloured cover, furnishing a key for the painting of twelve full-page illustrations. Applications for the book should be made to Dept. P.B.32, Chiswick Products, Ltd., Burlington Lane, Chiswick, London, W.4, enclosing 1d. stamp to cover postage and expenses. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE to Cyclists. — A safety-first triangle transfer to fix to rear mudgard. Turn to the "Robbialac" advt. on p. 38.

UNCLAIMED MONEY.

YOU ARE ENTITLED to claim the money you save by sending for the bargains shown on pp. 2 and 3.

A Wicked Wedding Guest

COUPS OF A SHAM MILLIONAIRE

You will not find Mr. Peebles-Rowe joining in to toast the bride — he's gone to the reception-room to purloin the toast-rack from the wedding pile

THIS country at the present time is being honoured by the presence of a distinguished South African millionaire.

He sometimes passes in the name of Mr. Richard Peebles-Rowe, who, with a wonderful career of achievement behind him, has returned to the "land of his youth" for a well-earned rest.

Mr. Peebles-Rowe has played with distinction many parts in his time, and has done much for the development of the Empire.

He has sat on numerous Dominion committees, given the benefit of his skilled advice on pressing constitutional problems and earned the esteem and friendship of some of the most exclusive members of society.

Gate-crashing crimes

Now, with his sixtieth year fast approaching, he has no real burdens or business cares to encroach upon his time. And, with a fortune to reward him for his fifty years of toil, he has come back to England to settle down, and to enjoy a spell of leisure that rightfully belongs to him.

That, at least, is the story he tells. And everyone who hears it, coming as it does from this grey-haired, benevolent-looking man of sixty, can have no reason to doubt a word of it.

But we can reveal him as a hardened impostor, whose offences range from gate-crashing crimes at fashionable weddings to fraudulent property deals.

He always has plenty of money to spend. His wardrobe is perfect. His looks and reminiscences are of the type that suggest that he is a man accustomed to mix with people in the highest places, while certain documents he occasionally produces—with an air of the greatest "confidence"—would seem to show that he is indeed all that he outwardly professes to be.

Yet Mr. Richard Peebles-Rowe is, in reality, an impostor of the most audacious type—a blackguard, a bluffer, and a rogue.

Had he in earlier years turned his talents to the theatrical world, he might have gone far For his cleverness in impersonating people is his secret of success. His acting powers are immense.

Just as he can deceive a struggling boarding-house keeper with his winsome tales, so can he inveigle his way into the company of titled people, bamboozle lawyers, and win the confidence of shrewd bank managers and strong-willed business men.

He drove up the other day to the office of a business man living in retirement in Bournemouth. Sending in his card, he asked that he should not be kept waiting too long, he had so many other things to do that day.

His titled friend

"You have offered a property for sale," he said, as he was ushered into the drawing-room, "a rather fine house at Hellingly . . . when can I see it?"

Those few words, uttered only as Mr. Richard Peebles-Rowe could utter them, assured his triumph from the start.

Before he had left the room an appointment was made for him to be taken over the estate on the following day.

Although he expressed himself very definitely about some of the fittings, which he considered terribly out of date, he agreed to take the property "provisionally," and then proceeded to unbosom himself about his affairs.

He was a great friend, he said, of a titled lady, who had for years entertained distinguished people, including Royalty, at the famous Henley-on-Thames Regatta—and at other functions.

She had confided to him, at a recent dinner-party, that she would very much like to secure a residence in Sussex, within easy reach of sea and town.

The Hellingly estate was therefore just the thing, so he decided to "take it" for her, and, anxious to rush off to a very urgent appointment in London, arranged a further meeting so that the final details could be arranged.

The dignified Mr. Richard Peebles-Rowe turned up to keep the next appointment to the minute, and, handing over a cheque in part payment, signed a document which showed his willingness to complete the purchase by a stipulated date.

His cheque proved to be worthless, but before this was discovered he had visited all kinds of people—tradesmen, hotel proprietors, even moneylenders—and proceeded to reap the benefits of the pretty little criminal plot he had been so cleverly engineering.

By various stories he raised money from several sources in the name of the titled lady concerned, and in one case lodged the title-deeds of certain property she possessed as security.

Then he just disappeared from the district; and in due course of time it was discovered that the title-deeds, though quite genuine, had been stolen from the lady during a raid upon her property some time ago by a thief who had never been discovered.

The thief, there is good reason to suspect, was Mr. Richard Peebles-Rowe, who, in another name, had gained fraudulent access to the household of the titled lady and, left alone, had purloined everything of value, including jewellery and cheque-books.

One can imagine the shock this lady suffered when she later heard from the local police about the peregrinations of Mr. Peebles-Rowe in the Bournemouth district.

She had to confess that she had never heard of him, although there was no doubt whatever that the title-deeds he had so successfully misused were her property!

But titled ladies are not the only people for whom the illustrious Mr. Peebles-Rowe has no regard. He made quite a hit recently in the West Country by posing as the "honourable trustee" for certain funds entrusted to him by the Mayor of Taunton.

With his usual charm he called upon various local tradespeople, ordered all kinds of expensive goods, and, changing his name for the time being to "Herbert Huggett," obtained credit with ease.

And, as the banks were closed in each case, he obtained substantial loans as well, leaving as security cheques which were promptly dishonoured when presented at the bank.

Helping himself

As was the case with the titled lady, the Mayor of Taunton had never heard of him—which says much for his supreme audacity since just a telephone call would have called his bluff. But not one single dupe had the slightest suspicion about him until he was miles away!

One of his most amazing escapades was when, by one of his typical subterfuges, he contrived to attend a smart society wedding.

Immaculately attired, and playing the part of a retired lawyer, he mixed with the guests openly, and was throughout the perfect guest and gentleman.

Those with whom he chatted pleasantly never suspected that he was there with any ulterior motive.

When he left, however, he came away with several of the most valuable presents—and allowed this trivial little incident to pass from his mind the moment the stolen goods had been turned into cash!

Another event in the crowded career of Mr. Richard Peebles-Rowe was when, quite recently, he stayed at a provincial hotel. Much of his time was spent in the lounge, where he soon made friends, and where he entertained quite freely.

He told one man, whose confidence he rapidly won, that he was a London solicitor who had come to the town to "clear up" some complicated details about a will.

Thieves in church

Before he left he had obtained from his newly-made friend a substantial sum until "banking hours to-morrow." His dupe, unfortunately, is still waiting for "to-morrow" to dawn!

Although he is such a polished charmer and convinces everybody he meets by his benign manner, he is an incorrigible criminal, and his victims are to be found at a score of places, including Bexhill, Ringwood, Devizes, Yeovil, Glastonbury, Southampton, Poole, Jersey—and even South Africa!

Nor does he always play the supreme deceiver. When it suits his purpose he visits churches for the purpose of indulging in further crime.

He always selects churches frequented by wealthy people, and, when the congregation is at prayer, silently makes a rapid haul of women worshippers' handbags.

His aliases are, like his versatility, endless. Among the names he has recently adopted are those of "Henry Blanchard," "Richard Rowe," and "Sydney Newport."

Like most hardened crooks, he has one weakness—that is, an inborn desire to rob moneylenders.

And, strange to say—although his endless string of victims includes wealthy people, estate agents, hotel managers, business men, hosiers, motor dealers and outfitters—his latest dupe is a South Coast moneylender who prides himself on his astuteness as a hard-boiled business man!

The Unknown Quantity

HOME used to be the safest place in the world. But modern invention has changed things.

For instance, father climbs to the topmost slates to fix a new wireless aerial. Johnny plugs his toy train and Elsie her toy kinema into the electric light supply. Mother uses electricity for ironing.

Can you wonder if things sometimes go wrong, when inexperienced hands experiment with that comparatively unknown quantity—electricity?

Think of the near tragedy in an Ipswich home recently, following all the manœuvres of fixing a new aerial to get more stations and better results.

The young husband, after climbing to the top of the bathroom, put down his hand to take the wire from his wife. She, reaching up expectantly, placed her foot on the edge of the bath and slipped!

No new stations were got that evening! Instead, Johnny was despatched post haste for a doctor, while mother was carried to bed with a badly fractured leg, where she lay for nearly four painful months.

There could easily have been still greater worry and anxiety—if the husband had not signed a coupon similar to one you can turn to now on page 4. Because he had taken that precaution they received a cheque which relieved the financial strain which inevitably follows such an accident in the home.

Life to-day calls for greater risks. Risks call for bigger precautions. Prevention is better than cure, isn't it?

We explain how on page 4. It costs nothing. Why not look at it *now*?

YOUR CHARACTER read from your Handwriting FREE!

Out To-day!
THURSDAY
NOV. 30th

PICTUREGOER
2d
WEEKLY
ING
ur
RITING
Inside

—by the famous "Phare" system, devised by G. A. Phare, the eminent graphologist, who has delineated the characters of great film stars and eminent personalities throughout the world.

INSET into every copy of "The Picturegoer," out to-day, is a special Form containing a unique and wonderful opportunity for you to secure—absolutely free—a remarkably true reading of your character from your own handwriting.

The character reading which will be sent to you, provided you accept this offer without delay, will be a complete and scientific delineation by the famous system devised by G. A. Phare—the greatest graphologist of our times.

You will be amazed by the accuracy of this marvellous system, and in the splendid issue of "The Picturegoer"—out to-day—you will see for yourself how thorough, how useful and interesting your own character reading will be. For here, in this issue, are revealed the characters of great film favourites—Marlene Dietrich, John Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Maurice Chevalier—all read from their handwriting by the astonishing G. A. Phare system.

What will your writing reveal? You can know—Free—but you must act at once! This original and fascinating free offer, entirely exclusive to readers of "The Picturegoer" will create an enormous demand for "The Picturegoer" now on sale. Unless you get your copy early you run a risk of being greeted with: "Sorry! Sold out!"

Look for the special FREE character reading Form — inside every copy — which contains a unique and unprecedented offer.

WONDERFUL Xmas Surprise Presentation for every reader coming NEXT WEEK!

PICTUREGOER

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE — OUT TO-DAY — TWOPENCE

Weekly Informations from
MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A film cabaret show—John Loraine is going to produce one, too; but then, he's always so very optimistic!

CRUEL FILM SNARE

—Impostor Battens on Screen-Struck

ALTHOUGH John Loraine, and his activities as a film producer, were exposed in these columns last May, I learn that he has again become active in another part of the country on an ambitious scale.

My post-bag contains many letters from parents and other people who have paid fees to John Loraine for film training, and are now regretting that they did so.

Some of my correspondents, however, have been wiser and have sought my advice before parting with their money. This is true economy, as they have been able to save the fees which would otherwise have gone into the pocket of Loraine.

I find that this enterprising film expert is now trading as the British and Continental Film Co. (Regd.), Southern Area Office, 3, The Drive, Hove. There is also a "Training Department" situated at a small hall in Bath Street, Brighton.

When Loraine was previously exposed in these columns he ceased for a time his activities in London, and owing to "bad health" retired to Hove to recuperate.

Now that he has regained his health he is apparently back to his usual form and is again on the war-path.

His advertisements are appearing day by day and read as follows:

> Adults and children of all types required by film producers; clear talking voices essential; complete tuition given guaranteeing film appearance to suitable applicants. Write or 'phone for interview, The Secretary, British and Continental Film Co., Southern Area Office, 3, The Drive, Hove. 'Phone 2400.

It is not surprising that this attractively worded advertisement has drawn the attention of many fond parents who are convinced that their sons or daughters have film talent.

They are impressed by the expensive stationery of the British and Continental Film Co.

The golden arrow

One of the letter headings which lies on my desk is certainly impressive. At the top is a drawing of the globe pierced with a golden arrow, and surmounted with a design, also in gold.

The head office of the company is stated to be at Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C., and according to the stationery this concern boasts of studios at Regent's Park and Marylebone Road, N.W.

Now the person who replies to one of Loraine's advertisements is naturally impressed when a letter arrives with all these details, which suggest that the British and Continental Film Co. is a really important concern.

When callers are ushered into the ground floor flat at 3, The Drive, Hove, they are still further impressed when they are taken by a smart young typist into the presence of John Loraine.

Sitting at his desk with his back to the window, and a filing cabinet at his elbow, John Loraine is rather impressive to those who are unused to the ways of bluffers. He plays the role of Film Magnate with considerable skill.

To a recent caller, who talked about the training of her daughter for film work, Loraine was charmingly full of confidence and unburdened his soul.

He was about to build a wonderful new film studio in Brighton, he said, and there were immense possibilities for children in film work if they had the right training.

For a modest fee of ten guineas he would train the child for film work, and then, if she proved satisfactory, he would give a guarantee of work in his films at a salary of not less than a guinea a day.

All this for such a small fee!

Many parents would have been impressed, as this one was, by John Loraine's plausible talk of guarantees, and have paid him fees which they could ill afford, because they were determined to give their children a good start in life.

They are now waiting for the guaranteed film work at "not less than a guinea a day" to materialise.

I hope that many other parents will be warned in time to prevent them paying money to Loraine in the form of tuition fees.

The fact is that he is a charlatan who has traded for a considerable time on this scheme of training people, particularly children, for work on the films.

From the investigations made by members of my staff, I find that the head office of the British and Continental Film Co., at Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C., does not exist, and a recent caller was told that the company moved away several months ago.

Phantom studios

The studios of the firm at Regent's Park and Marylebone, are also non-existent. John Loraine did make film tests at these places some months ago when he was snatching fees from parents in the London area, but he has no right to use those addresses now.

Then, to describe the ground-floor flat at The Drive, Hove, with its vertical file, telephone, two desks and a few chairs, as the "Southern Area Office" of the British and Continental Film Co. is surely misleading. *It is the only office of this concern.*

And Loraine has failed to register the change of address at the Registry of Business Names, as required by law—an omission I commend to the notice of the proper authorities.

That he is doing well in his fee-snatching campaign at Hove and Brighton is proved by the fact that he is now running a motor-car, complete with chauffeur in livery!

It is typical of his resource that recently he had the impudence to advertise and give a special morning film show at a Brighton kinema, when he was to exhibit a film called "Our Kids" and to lecture on "Children as Film Artistes."

Fortunately for the small audience that attended there was no charge for admission. Loraine on that historic occasion apologised to the audience because this film was not complete, but he showed a few poor specimens of children acting in little sections of film which did no credit to him as a producer.

At the same time he seized the opportunity to tell the audience how he specialised in training children for the films.

To the mother of a child who got in touch with him at this period, and contemplated paying him a fee for tuition, he was optimistic about his future plans.

He said that he was going to produce a film and cabaret show at a well-known Brighton theatre this Christmas and her child would probably be able to appear in this production.

Old performer

This child's chances are extremely remote, for I learn that the manager of this theatre had never heard of John Loraine, nor had he heard of this Christmas production.

The fond mother was impressed with Loraine until he became reckless and rashly promised to reduce his fee from twenty-five guineas to five guineas!

When he also talked airily of the child being able to earn a salary of a hundred pounds a week, she became suspicious and sought my advice.

I have written enough to indicate that Loraine is up to his old tricks.

He has probably persuaded himself that he is a great film producer, but my dossier concerning his activities proves him to be nothing of the sort. He preys on parents who have money to pay him for training aspirants for film work which does not exist.

John Loraine, as I have said, left London for a health trip to the coast when he was previously exposed in these columns, and probably hoped that his activities in Hove and Brighton would pass unnoticed. Thanks to the co-operation of my readers, I have been apprised of his renewed activities in time to issue this warning.

Dear Old "Uncle Eustace"

WIDESPREAD frauds are being perpetrated by a rogue who goes about the country posing as a barrister-at-law.

He is an elderly man, and gives his name as Eustace Ashley, with an address at a well-known West London hotel.

Clearly a person of learning, he is usually taken at his face value, with unfortunate consequences for those who meet him.

He recently entered an estate agent's office at Swindon, and stating that he was a barrister, claimed to be acting for a favourite nephew of his who was shortly returning to this country from abroad, and wanted to buy a country house in which to settle.

He had asked Mr. Eustace Ashley to make all the necessary arrangements, and was quite content to leave the selection in the capable hands of his old "Uncle Eustace."

We need not go into all the long story this bogus barrister told, or the lengths to which he went to obtain the estate agent's confidence.

It will suffice to say that in the end he handed over a cheque in payment of the property, a matter of £1,340, and then bargained with the estate agent for a reduction, finally receiving back a sum of £70.

His nephew, he said, would be delighted that he had been able to strike such a good bargain.

All this was bluff.

Actually there was no nephew—except in the mind of "old Uncle Eustace." And the cheque for £1,340 was not worth the paper on which it was written.

But the estate agent's cheque was O.K., and Mr. Eustace Ashley must have smiled when he cashed it shortly after this interview.

This house-purchase game is an old one where Uncle Eustace is concerned—and it will be a happy day when this venerable old rogue is laid by the heels.

TRIP to FAIRYLAND

THOUSANDS of kiddies are counting the days in breathless excitement! Someone who loves them has applied for JOHN BULL's "Children's Wonder Book," now coming off the press.

Soon it will bring its treasure into their homes—the greatest children's stories of all time—the immortal "Alice in Wonderland," "Tales of Robin Hood," "Ali Baba," "Robinson Crusoe," "Aladdin," and more and more besides!

If you turn to page 5 you will see that the last days of this great offer have arrived. You must apply now or you may disappoint a child.

On page 5 JOHN BULL announces a special concession which makes it easier than ever for you to get "The Children's Wonder Book." If you have already reserved your copy, help some other child to happiness by drawing attention to this great offer.

"The Children's Wonder Book" will make Christmas, 1933, memorable for the lucky kiddies who get it. It is the child's season ticket to happiness. Fill in and post the reservation form on page 5 immediately.

BUY WISELY

ARMY CLUB

THE BEST OF THE SHILLING CLASS—BUT

20 for 10½D

Splendid value in the old days at 20 for 1/-
Extraordinary value now at 20 for only 10½D

FULL SIZE
FULL WEIGHT
FULL QUALITY

IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS

Decorated tins of fifty packed ready for the post 2/2

A Ring of Racing Rogues

PEOPLE in all parts of the country are falling victims to certain unscrupulous Turf tricksters, whose ramifications are truly amazing.

Complaints have reached us recently from Staffordshire, Essex, Hampshire, Yorkshire and Scotland, where people have been tricked out of considerable sums.

In each case the person deprived of his savings answered an advertisement—usually in a local newspaper—offering partnership in an "established" firm of football and Turf accountants.

The fact that the methods practised are similar in each case suggests an organised campaign on the part of a nest of racing rogues, most of whom are to be found in the neighbourhood of Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

The experience of a Huddersfield reader is decidedly illuminating. He answered an advertisement issued by one W. J. Beane, described as a "Turf commission agent," of 89, Milton Street, Southend-on-Sea.

Beane, claiming membership of the principal sporting clubs, sought to obtain from this man a sum of £300.

A strange turn

According to his letter, he had been established in Southend for several years, and, anxious to secure the investment, offered our reader a salary of £10 a week, plus a share of the profits at the end of each month.

But negotiations took a strange turn when Beane vacated the premises he rented at 89, Milton Street, Southend, and passed on the original letters of application to one Alf. Leytonstone, likewise described as a "Turf accountant," of Kismet Marylands, High Road, Mountnessing, Essex.

Leytonstone, using a similar typewriter for his correspondence, was most anxious to extend the same offer on the same terms as already arranged.

His suspicions aroused, our Huddersfield reader decided to retain his £300. Enquiries confirm the wisdom of his decision, for, far from being an established "Turf accountant," Beane is an unemployed man.

Robbery—wholesale

He has been known for some time to act as a "runner" for the organisation of which "Alf" Leytonstone is a prominent member.

Leytonstone is better known as Frederick E. Hart, who until lately was to be found in Wash Lane, Hutton, Essex, a house owned by Richard Oscar Vaughan, another Turf commission agent, of Palais Royal, Kelvedon Common, in the same neighbourhood.

Vaughan is a specialist in "partnerships," and has robbed victims right and left.

One man from the Midlands, who invested £350 with Vaughan, lost every penny of his capital in less than a week. Another man lost £700 in a fortnight.

Coming a cropper—and so will you if you put your punter's faith in the "Turf accountants" we here condemn

In both instances, the partner was installed, placed in "charge" of the office, the "runners," the books and the telephone.

He was permitted to handle every betting transaction made: to all intents and purposes, the entire business of the "firm" was under his direct control.

Nevertheless, Vaughan was able to turn the scales against his unsuspecting partner.

False wagers were laid, and the losses sustained by the duped partners were, therefore, purely imaginary and fictitious: the sums obtained went to swell the illegal profits of the tricksters.

His money gone, the newcomer is discarded, and another "partner" immediately found to take his place.

The advertisements inserted in various newspapers have been worded with marked similarity.

The victims robbed number dozens, although, so cunning is the system practised, many have returned to distant homes without ever knowing that they have been deliberately cheated. They have imagined that their money has been lost through bets going against them.

Many advertising managers have now declined to accept insertions inviting "partnerships" with these so-called "Turf accountants."

But there is, unfortunately, no limit to the variety of aliases they employ.

Vanished leader

The irony of it is that the authorities actually had their hands on Vaughan recently.

He was to have appeared before the Chelmsford Assize Court to answer charges of fraud in connection with some of his betting activities, but he was allowed bail and failed to put in an appearance.

He cannot now be found.

Readers who respond to invitations to invest moneys in Turf accountancy ventures should be watchful lest they fall in with racing rogues of the kind here exposed.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Missing the Way

IN conversation some time ago I heard a man remark that nearly every person he knew hated his job and wished he had been put to some other occupation before it was too late to change.

H. G. Wells says something of the same sort in one of his books, but the observation in his case refers to the fact of being subjected to monotonous drudgery rather than to having chosen the wrong job.

There is truth in both statements. I have often asked individual men and women how they liked the trade or profession for which they had been trained. In a goodly number of instances the reply has been that they did not like it at all and felt themselves better suited for another kind of work. If they had their time over again, so they avowed, they would devote themselves to something more congenial.

On the other side of the picture, however, is the admission that hardly any of us has much real choice of a vocation. In time to come the special aptitudes of boys and girls will be better studied and understood by their elders and preceptors, and fewer mistakes will be made in setting them to learn the occupation which is supposed to fit them for earning their bread.

• • •

As things are at present, the youngsters' gifts and preferences are seldom taken into account. The problem is to find a job at all. Those are thought of as fortunate for whom an opening is available, and once they get into a groove they are obliged to stop in it, whether they like the work or not.

A young relative of my own very sensibly said the other day, in answer to a friend who thought his talents could be more usefully employed than in the rather dull sphere where they find exercise: "I have nothing to grumble at. These are hard times, and there are many fellows of my own age, as clever as I am or cleverer, who can find nothing to do and are having to eat out their hearts in idleness. I am just putting my back into my task and doing my best with it. And, after all, there is a life outside the grind, full of interests in which we can all share."

That excellent confession of faith has supplied me with a text. It is the life outside the grind that is for many of us the real life, the joyous life, the life of happy fellowship and self-development in the best ways.

• • •

If this were frankly and bravely recognised there would be less grumbling about the conditions of our daily lot and less of the feeling that we may have made a mistake in the ordering of our lives.

A John Bull reader has just sent me a letter in which he tells me that he believes he took the wrong road when he was younger. Three times he has been within sight of success and then had to begin again at the bottom.

To-day he is doing fairly well, but thinks he could do better if only he could have a position, even a very humble one, in which he could be of direct service to his fellow-creatures.

This is not possible at present. Nearly all his waking hours are taken up with the exacting requirements of his modest business. He has almost no time for anything else.

It does not matter as much as he thinks. Any calling wherein a man can do honest work for the world is a good calling and helps to make a good man.

An old proverb says: "If every man swept before his own door we should have a clean street." And it is equally true that no man has missed his way who has anything to do that needs to be done and which he does with a good heart.

Weak Wine Offer

THERE is no end to the ambitious schemes of men who start a new business with a small office and large ideas.

For instance, the Direct Wine Supply Company began its career a few weeks ago in a small office in High Holborn, W.C.

The main idea behind this new concern is the opening up of a chain of retail wine shops (off-licences) in London and the suburbs.

Not to be deterred by the competition of shops already established, the Direct Wine Supply Company recently began to lay the foundations of its business by advertising for help.

"A smart married couple required immediately to manage off-licence shop," one announcement runs. "No objection to man following day-time employment. Living accommodation, rent and light free. Wages and commission. Cash deposit £150 required against stock, returnable on termination. Undeniable references required, full particulars, ages, etc., otherwise replies ignored."

* * *

Here are some facts the public should know:

Enquiries show that this concern has not been registered as a business name nor as a limited company.

One caller at the office in High Holborn was greeted by a middle-aged man who introduced himself as Mr. H. S. Gros. According to Mr. Gros there was no limit to the possibilities of the Direct Wine Supply Company. One shop had already been rented in Roman Road, Bow, E., and others were to be opened at a later date.

"We hope to take advantage of the Christmas trade," said Mr. Gros. "You know that even teetotallers buy a bottle of wine at Christmas time."

* * *

He added that he had a good knowledge of the trade, and he had been connected with Wine Shops, Ltd., of Manchester.

He had, however, come to London because the depression had hit Manchester rather badly and prospects of trade were better in the South.

His connection with the wine trade in Manchester is interesting, for we find that Mr. Henri Samuel Gros became a director of Wine Shops (1926), Ltd., in 1929, and the company went into liquidation in May, 1930, when a receiver was appointed.

However confident Mr. Gros and those associated with him may be of making a success of the Direct Wine Supply Company, it is surely forgetful of them not to have registered the company before advertising for joint managers with security of £150, for shops which have yet to be opened.

The GANG that

Innocent - looking Harold Brown. But he is now paying in jail for his shameful crimes

IN the Spring of this year, under the heading, "Shocking Traffic in One-day Brides," we named a certain Harold Brown as the leading agent in this country for a notorious gang of white slave traffickers, and demanded his early arrest.

He is now safely lodged in jail, and society will be protected from his nefarious operations for at least two years.

This is a truly gratifying achievement, but we intend to carry our campaign still further, and reveal something of the activities of those of Brown's criminal associates who are still at large.

At present many of them are keeping in retirement, for their colleague's arrest has had a somewhat chastening effect.

But all are very sinister figures, who have lived for years on the proceeds of the appalling traffic we condemned, and they are certain to resume activities as soon as the first scare has blown over.

There can be no doubt that our disclosures earlier in the year gave this gang their first real shock.

We know, in fact, that Brown and his chief agents met immediately after its appearance to discuss their best course of action.

And we can now reveal that he attempted to silence us with a piece of impudent bluff.

He wrote to us demanding an apology and the payment of adequate compensation.

Naturally, we refused to withdraw one word of our criticism, which has now had striking vindication in the arrest and sentence of Brown on the very charges we levelled against him.

Tribute is due to the splendid work of the police, in co-operation with Mr. Cedric Hirst, a Registrar of Marriages in South-East London, in whose office Brown was actually arrested while trying to effect a bogus marriage between an undesirable Frenchwoman and a penniless Englishman.

Shorthand notes, taken in hiding by a secretary named Miss Lillian Summers, proved most helpful in sustaining the grave charges that were thus preferred against Brown.

It is significant that one of the exhibits in the trial was a copy of our article, which had been found, carefully preserved, in Brown's pocket at the time of his arrest!

Although this is very gratifying, much more remains to be done if the menace of the White Slave traffickers is to be wiped out.

When Brown was arrested, his influential "backers"—the rogues who financed him in his dastardly operations—promptly deserted him.

He flew away

Most of them are of French or Belgian origin, and to save their own skins they fled the country and retired into hiding on the Continent.

Chief among them, we can reveal, is a handsome, but dissolute Frenchman, known to Scotland Yard and his intimate friends by the name of Rène, who, before his flight, was living under another name at one of London's leading hotels, and who also maintained a luxury suite in Paris for many years.

On the eve of Brown's arrest, this man was conferring with him at his hotel regarding plans they had laid for bringing yet another alien woman from abroad.

And the moment he heard of his agent's downfall next morning he dashed by car to Croydon and flew to Paris, where he was rejoined by other fugitive members of the gang a few days later.

The organisation of these fiends is diabolically perfect. Through agents in Paris, Brussels and Madrid, they comb the night clubs and cafés for suitable recruits for their vile traffic.

René has made a practice of interviewing these recruits individually in his Paris headquarters.

There he would sound them as to their willingness to fall in with his plans, painting fanciful pictures of the immunity he could promise them, and the luxury and ease they would enjoy once they had entered England under his wing.

If they agreed to fall in with his scheme, and to lead a life of luxurious shame in England, the most amazing pains were taken by René and his agents to ensure their safe entry to England.

He would never allow more than one girl to cross the Channel at any one time, experience having convinced him that it was far easier to defeat the Passport and Port authorities by sending his living freight over singly.

To begin with, he would set aside as much as two to three hundred pounds for transforming them into dazzling beauties of the town. The choicest clothes, exquisite lingerie and a mass of jewellery were bestowed upon these alien women so that they would start on the career he had planned for them with every possible advantage.

A case in point, which illustrates to the full his methods, can be given in the experience of a beautiful young French dancer, also named Renée, who first fell into the clutches of this gang about a year ago.

Dazzling . . .

The dazzling future predicted for her in England soon induced her to agree to the leader's plan, and, with a generous and elaborate wardrobe and a first-class passage, she arrived in England in the Spring of this year.

As in most cases which have come to light through Scotlond Yard enquiries, she came in with an authority that was only temporary. It had been sworn before the Calais emigration authorities that she was "a student."

Brown and René met her in London, and within an hour or two of her arrival she had dined and wined luxuriously at a West End hotel, and was ensconced in a well-furnished flat, which had already been taken for her near Hanover Square, W.

In connection with this flat Brown appeared in a further rôle, that of estate agent—he ran his own office.

It was part of his duty in this strange scheme of things to "let" the flat in Hanover Square to this woman, and to collect each month from her the rent, which was set at a very high figure to recompense René and his gang for the original outlay on her wardrobe and the expense of bringing her into the country.

In this way the traffickers hope for a steady income for many years to come—or, at least, until the beauty began to fade and the "market value" dropped.

These ghouls think of their victims only as a commercial commodity.

Brown's further duty was to provide this woman with a list of suitable clients, who would pay big money for the privilege of being entertained at her flat.

Thus was she placed on the first rung of the ladder of shame.

For months Mademoiselle enjoyed a life of luxury and immunity from official interference, the traffickers getting the lion's share of her immoral earnings.

Then she fell into the hands of the police for annoying a wealthy man in the vestibule of a West End hotel.

When the police discovered that this beautiful woman was an alien, they began to put in motion the machinery to deport her.

But René, through his chief disciple, Brown, performed the usual trick. Mademoiselle was married to a penniless Englishman, who said farewell to her almost as soon as he had placed the ring on her finger at a register office about thirty miles from London.

So she is here still—just one of the

Divisional-Detective-Inspector Rosie and Superintendent Hambrook, who have been actively engaged in investigating the traffic in women in London

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LIVES on SHAME

A Wicked ABUSE of MARRIAGE

hundreds of willing butterflies in the toils of this sinister gang, which seeks England for its chief field of operation.

Another very dangerous member of this gang is a Frenchman, named Ernesti Vitellier, whose name has also constantly cropped up in Scotland Yard enquiries, and who has paid frequent visits to this country.

Vitellier, who for three or four years has controlled a kind of "bureau" in Paris, has a staff of several "sleuths" working for him to bring in suitable recruits for interrogation.

He has always kept a ready supply of faked marriage certificates and passports in his possession to facilitate entry into Britain.

These are manufactured in the gang's own printing shop.

He is suspected of being responsible for the production of a large number of faked passports and identity books which have from time to time been found upon undesirable men and women of alien origin when they have been questioned or arrested in London.

It has even been discovered by Scotland Yard that members of the gang have been in collusion with at least one official employed in a Government Department who, for financial considerations, was selling important information to them that aided their nefarious work.

SHIPS CREW
EQUIPAGE

the Customs ue, through ich so many ie women have passed

Miss Lillian Summers and Mr. Registrar Hirst, whose co-operation with the police was highly commended

Some of the women eventually pass into the hands of aliens who specialise in providing girls to participate in unspeakable orgies, staged for wealthy but degenerate clients.

One is a man of Polish descent, who has served at least one jail sentence; another is a woman who keeps a notorious hotel in Bloomsbury.

Then there is a so-called countess, who has been the subject of much complaint in the Baker Street district of London, where she maintains a flat; while a fourth is a man well known to Scotland Yard, who stages vile *séances* in a block of flats he owns off Piccadilly.

Girls sold

Cases have been reported to the public where alien beauties have actually been sold for considerable sums. In one sordid case, where the police raided a haunt of depraved people in the West End, one of the women on the premises volunteered the information that she had been "sold" to the proprietress of the establishment for a price she did not know.

Nor do the profits made by the traffickers end there. Through the medium of people who profess a knowledge of the law they deliberately concoct spurious evidence for collusive divorces.

There is, in fact, no end to the resources of the human merchandise once they have been brought here.

No comment is necessary when we say that when Brown's effects were examined after his arrest by Detective Sergeant Fury, of Scotland Yard, one document contained the names of innumerable alien women who had been installed in luxury flats here, and no less than a score of them had within recent months come under police observation owing to the mode of life they were leading!

Another very dangerous member of the gang is an alien named André Attal.

Attal was a great friend of the Frenchman, Lechavalier, who started the sordid business fifteen years ago, and was murdered by another of his countrymen in a dispute over a woman.

So, also, was he one of the chief hirelings of the Spaniard, Jean Castaner, who is now serving a sentence on Devil's Island for murdering another white slave trafficker with whom he had quarrelled.

Castaner, who, despite his fascination over women, and who was once a dancer who starred on the West End stage, was a ruffian at heart.

Once, after JOHN BULL had exposed him, he threatened to kill our Chief Commissioner, and when arrested had two loaded revolvers in his pockets!

Castaner, too, initiated Brown into the gang, and lavished money upon him when, ten years ago, he was down and out. He taught Brown how to arrange these "marriages."

But for Castaner—whose devilry brought numerous women to the gutter, and who was responsible for that famous French actress, Regine Flory, becoming a dope addict—Brown might never have been where he is to-day.

And Attal, who was deported only the other day, fixed many marriages with Brown and René, and will doubtless return here again to further the diabolical work when the present storm has blown over.

Fifty vultures . . .

So vast are the tentacles of this gang that Scotland Yard, and high officials at the Home Office, recently had to make special arrangements with the Irish Free State and the Channel Islands to prevent the bogus marriage menace beginning too earnestly there.

For it has been discovered that bureaux have been opened in both places.

The Canadian authorities, too, have received definite evidence that agents have arrived there to fix marriages that will make the undesirable women decoys of this gang "British," and thus ensure that they cannot be deported, even when they are found to be hirelings of the gang leading immoral lives here for gain.

It is officially estimated that there are at the least fifty aliens in this country who live entirely by the proceeds of vice.

The difficulty in coping successfully with the menace is enhanced by the fact that it is so easy for any foreigner to get here nowadays with an excursion ticket, requiring no passport.

Only recently, indeed, Josef Boyer, one of the worst White Slave traffickers on the Continent, had paid a flying visit to London—for what purpose can only be guessed.

The passing of Harold Brown is a victory, not only for this journal, which alone denounced him, but for the police, who triumphed over an amazing personality after nearly ten years of endeavour.

But, as this article indicates, there is much yet to be done.

No efforts must be spared to bring the other members of his gang to the dock, whenever they set foot in this country again, as assuredly they will unless the most watchful and tireless efforts are made to keep them out.

40 breakfasts for only 8½d.

Forty breakfast helpings of nature's richest food are contained in every large packet of Quaker Oats, which now costs only 8½d. There are also smaller packets for 4d.

There is no food to equal oats, and Quaker Oats is milled from the world's finest. There's nothing so cheap so good—nothing so good so cheap as a Quaker Oats Breakfast.

Cold breakfast foods and warm milk are not the *real hot* breakfast you need these cold, damp mornings.

Quick Quaker is not only the best and most economical of breakfasts, but is also quickest to prepare! It provides a delicious *really hot* dish in less than four minutes, and is your family's best health assurance.

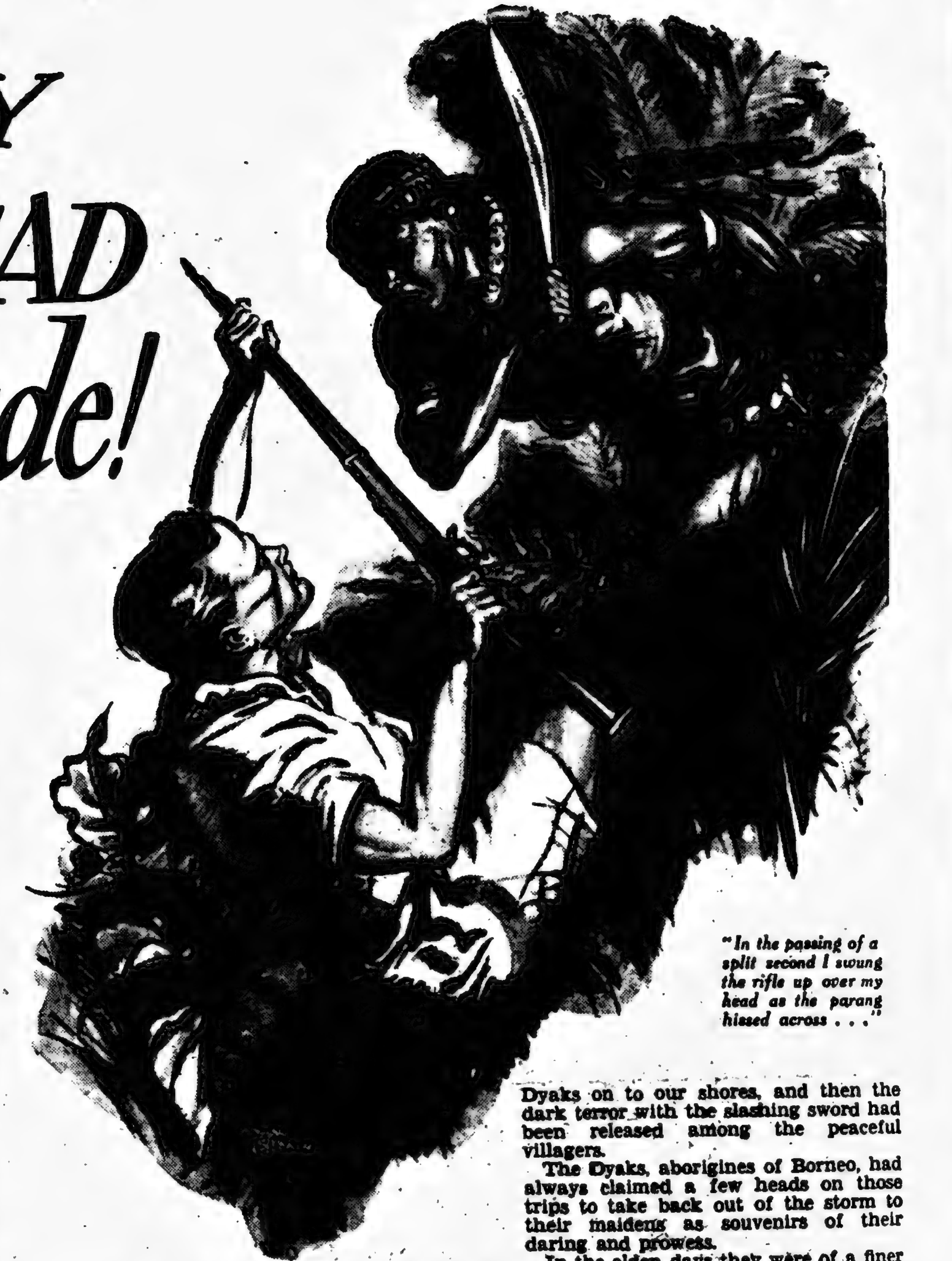
Now Only 4d. & 8½d. per packet at all grocers

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*

MADE IN CANADA

Quaker Oats Ltd., London 153

MY HEAD for a Bride!



"In the passing of a split second I swung the rifle up over my head as the parang hissed across . . ."

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—64

THE biggest thrill of my life, which has been an adventurous one, was undoubtedly the moment when a head-hunting Dyak coveted my head. All women like to marry manly men, but women differ very much in their ideas of manliness. In this country it is not easy to discover exactly what asset will appeal to any particular woman, apart from money and handsome looks, but in the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, where the Dyaks go hunting, their brides-to-be have single-track minds.

These dark-brown young beauties have one and the same idea of manliness—the would-be bridegroom must woo his heart's desire with the offering of a human head.

At the time I was stationed on a tropical island many days' sail south in the Malayan Archipelago, planting rubber, coconuts and groundnuts.

It was a life of even calm, uneventful and somewhat monotonous. We rose at dawn to attend muster at 5.30 a.m., when the respective gangs of labour were detailed to their different duties.

Minute supervision of the tapping followed and occupied us until eleven or twelve o'clock. The rubber trees were wounded by "tapping" with an oolie knife down to the cambium, when a white, chalky-coloured cream called "latex" oozed out slowly.

THIS was collected in coconut shells cut in halves, and brought to the factory in buckets, where it was tipped into the coagulating vats of 100-gallon capacity. In the vats the latex was mixed with half its quantity of water to allow the acetic acid which was added next to percolate and give even coagulation.

After lunch there was field work of all kinds—forking manure, draining, general upkeep of the coolie lines and roads—until five o'clock.

After tea—a little office work from six to seven, when the labourers' complaints were heard and justice administered. Then a sundowner, a bath, dinner, and early to bed.

Every night we struck off the date on the calendar. One day nearer leave!

The greatest event in our picturesque but otherwise ordinary lives was the arrival, three times a month, of the local coasting steamer bringing our mail from Singapore, where the big liners from home discharged it.

This little coaster, which was run and owned by a Chinese company in Singapore, was our only link with the mainland and the outside world.

The labourers were peaceful enough. There were about 600 Javanese, a few Tamils and one or two *kongsis* of Chinese, carefree and happy. Their only worry in life was the dread of a visit by sea from the Terror of the Islands, the head-hunting Dyaks.

The Chinese bought a good deal of our produce and sold us most of the necessities of life. The labourers, although rather mixed as regards race, got on well together on the whole, old John Chinaman getting slightly the better of things usually, on the financial side.

The Europeans consisted of a Scotsman, two Dutchmen and myself. Occasionally we had visits from a Dutch official from Rio, and an odd trader or two, but for the most part we were left to our own resources.

Our outside world, which looked peaceful enough, was represented by a panorama of numerous small islands, inhabited by Malays, who lived largely by selling fish to the Chinese coasting steamer whenever she called, and by supplying firewood for her rickety old boilers when they functioned, which was not always.

BY way of variety when the mood suited us, we sometimes went down into the lines of our Javanese labourers to watch the dancing girls in the *gamelong*, and listen to the weird music of the xylophone-like instruments and the blood-stirring cadence of the tom-tom.

During these unofficial and friendly moments the old Malayan men of the neighbouring villages came up to the lines for a little excitement and a chat. Many were the gruesome tales they told us of the Terror of the Islands.

Sometimes the storms had blown the Dyaks on to our shores, and then the dark terror with the slashing sword had been released among the peaceful villagers.

The Dyaks, aborigines of Borneo, had always claimed a few heads on those trips to take back out of the storm to their maidens as souvenirs of their daring and prowess.

In the olden days they were of a finer physique and better "sportsmen" than they are now. Their jungle law had it that a head had to be won in fair fight—neatly severed with one powerful blow of the *parang*—but the law had been forgotten and they had degenerated into a tribe of snatchers-of-heads of defenceless old men, whom they attacked from behind.

But they were awe-inspiring enough as it was. Strong, short and stocky, their muscles rippled under their olive-brown skin. Their hair was long and unkempt, kept off the eyes and ears by a head-cloth worn like a bandeau. Their only other garment was a loincloth, except for a few bangles of wood or silver worn above the elbow.

THE deadly *parang* was carried in a wooden sheath over the left shoulder by means of a thong. The sheath was ornamented with the plaited hair of their victims, and likewise the hilt, which was carved in the form of a bird or animal. The blade of the *parang* was deadly sharp, and they wielded it with power and cunning.

We little thought, while listening to these tales, that our little island was to be the scene of one of these bloodthirsty attacks.

My bungalow, white and cool in the shadow of a belt of trees, was built on the south-west shore of the island, a stone's-throw from the main coolie lines. On the night of the attack I retired to bed at 8.30 p.m., or thereabouts, tired out and thinking only of a good night's rest.

Some hours later I was awakened by an extra loud crash of thunder. Our little world was in the throes of a south-west monsoon. On such occasions one automatically forsakes one's bed for a while to wander sleepily around the bungalow securing the storm shutters.

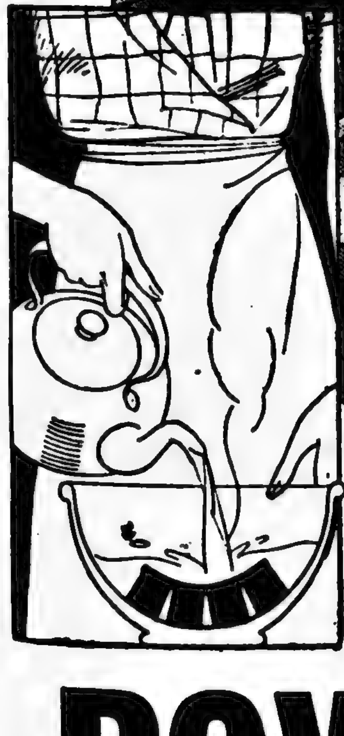
(Continued on page 26)

FREE OFFER —
till December 16th only!

4 JELLIES FOR THE PRICE OF 3

THIS JELLY FREE!
in a favourite flavour

ROWNTREE'S
Table Jellies
Flavours: Blackcurrant, Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Vanilla, Apricot, Lime, Fruit, Greengage, Cherry & Pineapple



THE TABLE JELLY
that's easiest to make

Put the whole tablet of jelly, *cubes downwards,* into a dish and pour on the hot water — that's all. No mess, no pulling apart — and it's done in a moment.

Rowntree's Jellies are made in 12 delicious flavours — the usual price is 4½d. a packet. Now — while this special offer lasts — you get four favourite flavours (Raspberry, Lemon, Strawberry, Orange) for only 1/1½d! You'll enjoy these jellies! Get them from your grocer today. Free gift coupon in every packet — coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa also count.

GET THESE JELLIES TODAY. YOU SAVE 4½d.!

Usual price—**1/6d.**
at your grocer's—**NOW 1/1½d.**

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLIES ARE CUBE-MOULDED

JI-137

"Our children are healthier now!" *mothers say*

Great food discovery that quickly taught women new rules of health

Scientists in a London hospital discovered that Rowntree's Cocoa is wonderfully digestible. It is not only easily digested itself — it actually assists in the digestion of food eaten with it!

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"SUITS MY DIGESTION ADMIRABLY"

says Mrs. MIDDLETON, 1a Spencer Road, Herne Hill, London.

"My boy Donald (shown above) loves Rowntree's Cocoa. I do too! For the last year now I have had it every evening along with my supper, and find it suits my digestion admirably."

"A SPLENDID NIGHTCAP"

says Mrs. COOPER, 122 Third Avenue, Harrow Road, Paddington, London, W.10.

"I'm sure Rowntree's Cocoa has strengthened my youngest child's digestion, which used to be not too good. She's a regular tomboy now, and can never have enough Rowntree's. I find it a splendid soothing nightcap for her, after she's been running about all day."

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

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Attacked!

—by the HEAD-HUNTERS

(Continued from page 24)

And then one crawls back into bed and forgets all about it. But that night things worked out differently.

As I was fastening the catches, I distinctly heard above the roaring of the wind in the palm trees screams and shouts coming from the coolie lines, and faintly I saw lights moving, but the driving rain hid the meaning of it all.

No doubt, I thought, someone had imbibed too much native liquor, or a jealous wife was avenging herself and upsetting the labourers, or it may have been a money squabble.

I watched for a while through an open shutter, debating in my mind whether to put on a raincoat and venture forth to investigate, for all desire for sleep had by then left me, or to return to bed and wait for daybreak to bring the solution.

Events, which now followed in quick succession, solved the problem for me. Out of the wind and rain and the blackness of the night came running a group of blacker figures. They clustered at the veranda rails before me, an ominous, restless silhouette, pushing and shouting, and in the sudden light of a blinding flash I recognised them as some of my Javanese labourers.

"The Dyaks! The Dyaks!" they shouted one after the other.

ABOVE the babel of voices I managed to understand that the Dyaks were in the lines, killing right and left and setting fire to the huts.

The stories of the old Malays passed swiftly through my mind, stories that I had half doubted. Now, I felt, I should see for myself. Here was a matter that required immediate investigation.

Picking out one of the labourers, I sent him post haste to my nearest neighbour a mile away, to tell him to come over at once with his rifle.

Hurriedly donning shirt and shorts, I pushed two or three clips of ammunition into my pocket, seized my rifle, an old and rather uncertain weapon, and leaped down the steps into the night.

The rain was diminishing as I ran towards the lines. The air was cool and sweet and wet leaves brushed my bare arms. The wind had dropped so that the terrible screams of fear and agony seemed to crescendo and penetrate every living thing. Some of the labourers who had remained behind were following me, armed with stout sticks and hatchets.

There was murder in the air, wild, primitive murder in the mass, a ghastly contagious thing, in which the gentle laws of humanity have no part. It crept into my blood and my hands tightened on my rifle. I was ready to shoot a Dyak at sight.

As these white-hot feelings possessed me I entered the lines in the shadows of the huts, and as I did so, I stumbled over something soft and heavy. My free hand went out to save myself from falling prone. It came in contact with a warm, liquid patch. Blood!

Then at that moment the light cast by the flames of a burning hut lit up the corner where I stood, and I saw the thing.

A Dyak warrior steps ashore from his canoe

It was a headless body!

The scene that met my startled gaze was more like a nightmare than a reality. The murderous impulse left me and gave place to a feeling akin to fear. Fear of the unknown, I suppose.

Then, as I rose to my feet, a dull, unreasoning anger filled me. I thought quickly. It might be a while before my neighbour arrived. The light from the flames showed the lines in a turmoil. Hand-to-hand fighting between the huts made it difficult for me to aim at the almost naked Dyaks, although they were easily distinguishable.

A plan of action was necessary, and swiftness imperative, for the coolies were beginning to scatter into the bush, leaving the old men and women for easy and murderous execution.

I SHOUTED to the labourers behind me to make a quick detour and enter the lines from the side. A fresh attack would, I thought, distract attention and stop them entering the huts. I saw that, if my men could drive them into the centre, I should have a clean sight down the lines from where I was standing.

It happened exactly as I foresaw. Very soon a hullabaloo arose away on the right, and the Dyaks made for the centre of the lines, some coming out of the huts very near me, brandishing their *parangs*.

My labourers, mustering courage with the thought of a white man armed with a rifle watching over them, attacked fiercely. I ran down the lines a few yards, dropped on one knee and took aim at the nearest Dyak. It was an easy shot. He spun round and dropped.

Then the thing happened. I sensed the danger rather than saw it. A shadow glanced along the gleaming barrel of my rifle. I swung round on my knee and gazed straight into the bloodshot eyes of a head-hunter!

His muscular body gleamed in the light, but there was a brighter flash above his head. *The deadly parang!* In the passing of a split second I swung the rifle up over my head as the *parang* hissed across. The barrel received the shock of the blow, causing it to glance harmlessly over.

The effect put the black devil off his guard, and in a flash I leapt to my feet. I was too close to shoot to kill, and was too much afraid of the blade to lower my rifle, so I instinctively swung the stock up to his stomach, winding him severely—an in-fighting tactic learnt in the war. Then, before he could recover, I shot him, dropping him without a sound.

By then my blood was up, and I turned to rejoin the fray, when to my intense joy I heard the sound of firing from the other side. My neighbour had arrived and was enfilading from the other end. The Dyaks were now in an uncomfortable position, and realising that two white men had joined the fight, they turned tail and ran for their boats.

WE followed, and saw them push off, two long, canoe-like shapes rising and falling in the darkness, each with a brazier burning at one end. We ran down to the water's edge and proceeded to fire volley after volley at the dark, bobbing shapes. An occasional scream told us that our bullets were finding their mark.

My neighbour was an expert shot and pumped lead into the hull of one of the boats, just on the water line. The rapid sinking of the craft marked the end of the fight.

Dawn came soon after, and we found the corpses and the canoe washed up on the beach. There were thirty Dyak bodies. We had taken stock of our losses and the damage in the lines. The Dyaks had accounted for nine lives—five women, one old man, and three of the stoutest hearts among my men.

We considered that our efforts at retaliation had at least scored, although the shock of getting visited by Dyaks—real live head-hunters, so far from their usual haunts—never ceased to surprise us when we thought of it.

I, personally, shall never forget the moment when my head nearly became an offering for a Dyak bride.

NEXT WEEK: *A reader tells of his thrilling adventures as an amateur smuggler in Uruguay.*

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

The Suffering Six

"THIS is to certify that we have known Mrs. —— for some considerable time, years, and that she has been in great distress for months, and that her husband is in hospital with complicated diseases not yet specified, and that she has to go and see him every day.

Nellie

"This means that the extra 1s. expense a day has made things so difficult at home that the children are suffering from want of proper attention and food."

Thus six-year-old Nellie's mother was introduced to us. We can only briefly fill in the outline:

The "suffering" children number six—the eldest a boy of eleven, three girls aged eight, six and five years, a boy aged three.

"And I have a baby at the breast," said their mother, "and could do with a little nourishment."

The rent of their one room in a condemned house is, fortunately, low, as all they have coming in is the National Health Insurance of 18s. a week.

There is poignant pathos in the fact that Nellie's dad, who had been struggling along as a casual odd-job man, earning about 30s. a week, had just secured a regular job at better pay.

"He was all right the first day," said his wife. "The second day he came over queer, and had to give in and go to the doctor, who ordered him away to the hospital there and then. He must have been very ill when he was working. I suppose it was thinking of the children which made him go. He has been on the danger list for three weeks, and he asks every time I go in how we are getting on. He worries about the children."

Donations earmarked "Nellie," as well as those for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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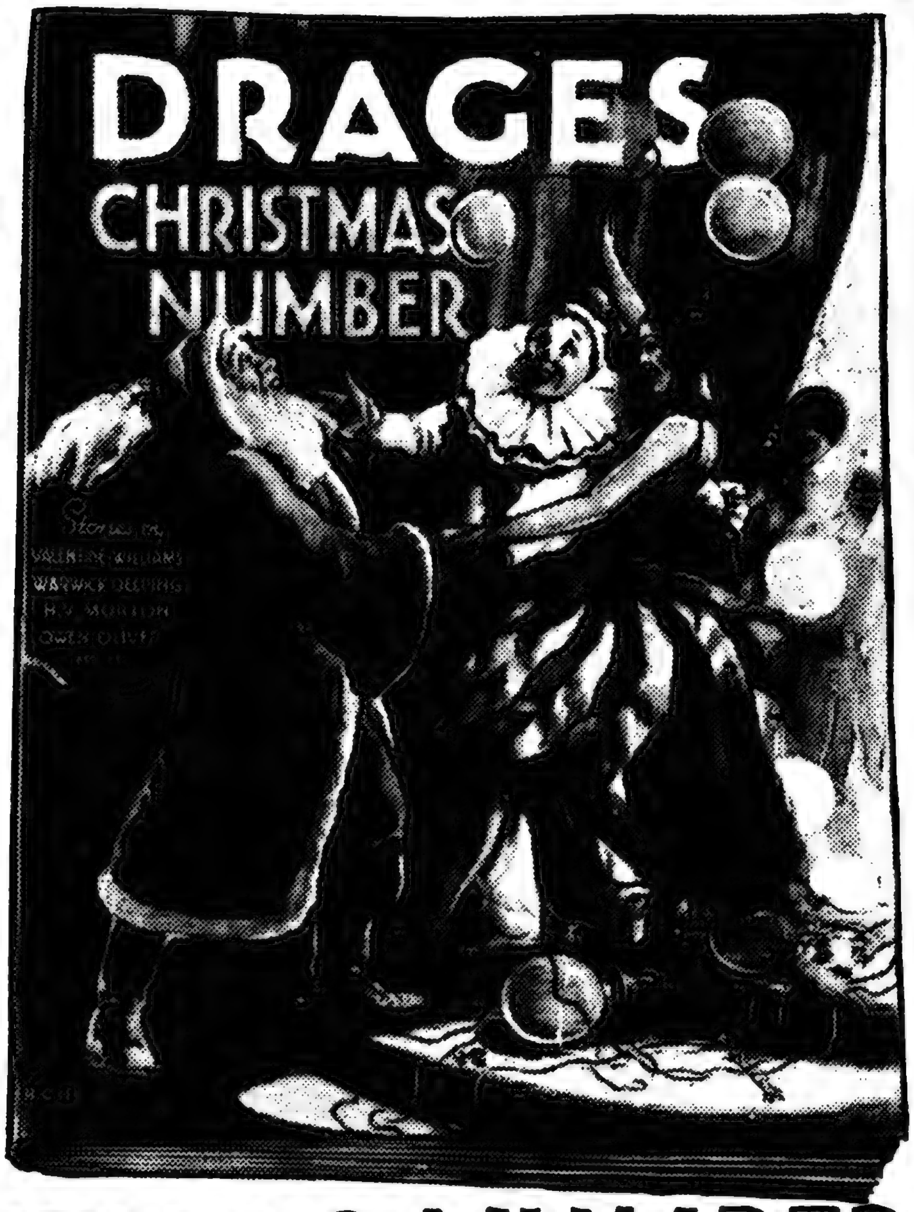

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* PHILIP INMAN

THE BAD BOY *of the* Family

"About a week ago he broke a window . . ."

"WHAT is this Psychology you sometimes write about?" asks a Northampton reader. "Would it help in a case like mine?" And he proceeds to outline his problem.

Scores of people have asked the same question. And so, as a prelude to this week's article, I will attempt to supply an answer.

A psychologist is a person who has made a study of the workings of the mind. Here are a few typical cases with which he would deal: shyness, depression, all kinds of obsessions, fear of the dark, imaginary illness, and so on.

More and more is it becoming evident that the mind is the master of the man. Ordinary physical troubles are left to the doctor. When the mind or the nerves is at fault, then the psychologist steps in.

Now, many of the problems sent to me concern young people, and this new branch of healing is one that is particularly successful in this field. I have therefore picked out three such cases for consideration.

MY first letter concerns an orphan girl of fifteen who has made her home with a married brother. It is this young man who writes to me.

"I have found her four situations," he tells me, "and she has lost them all. I don't seem to be able to do anything with her. I have been to see her former employers and they all tell the same story—she is lazy, stays out late at night and is full of lying and deceitfulness.

"My wife says she will not stand it much longer. And, as I am at present unemployed and we have a baby son seven months old, it is difficult enough to keep the home going as it is without all this disagreement and extra expense. My sister knows I can't turn her out on the streets and she is taking advantage of it. But what can I do, 'Humanist'? Can you suggest a solution of my problem?"

Now, I have always a great deal of sympathy for the child who is left without parents. This girl, I am told, lost her mother three years ago, and so between the ages of twelve and fifteen—most impressionable years—she has been denied motherly love and care. That may have a good deal to do with her present attitude towards life.

My correspondent rightly says that he can't afford to keep his sister. I wonder if she has been made to feel that she is looked upon as an intruder in that home.

Girls of this age are very sensitive, and if she realises that the great aim of my correspondent and his wife is to get her off their hands, it may have made her callous and reckless and "devil-may-care." If she thinks that nobody trusts her and that she is regarded as a "bad lot," is it surprising that, being "pushed" into various situations, she makes no effort to stay in them?

WHAT is required now, I think, is firmness tempered with kindness. Is it not possible for my correspondent's wife to make a friend of her and explain quite reasonably the position in which they are all placed? These are the lines I would adopt.

"Your brother," I would say, "is out of work. We have ourselves to keep and our home to maintain. Now, your position is quite different. You can find work easily enough, and we shall always be glad to see you on your off-duty times."

In other words, put this girl on her honour and see how she re-acts. By this means good qualities may be brought to light that up to the present have lain dormant.

If, after a fair trial, this should fail, then more drastic measures must be applied. My correspondent might see the police court missionary and talk the matter over with him. His daily experience brings him in constant touch with such cases, and he might be able to help.

My second letter comes from a distracted mother. She has four children, and it is the second one—a boy of eight years—who is causing her so much worry.

"He has a most violent temper. I have thrashed him day in and day out and can make nothing of him. About a week ago he broke a window and called me bad names because I wouldn't give in to him. When I threaten to send him to a training-ship he only laughs. He aggravates me so much that I sometimes feel I shall do him an injury.

"His father has no idea of what I have to put up with, for with him the child is always obedient. But I have to coax hard to get him even to run a message for me. I can't understand it. For when he isn't in a temper he is such a nice boy, and he is quite popular at school."

I am sorry to say so, but I think the mother is very largely to blame. Look at one or two statements in her letter. She seems to have threatened this boy over and over again with that training-ship. He knows full well that she doesn't mean it. And he comes to regard all she says in the same way.

With children one should be prepared to carry out exactly what one says. Never make a threat that cannot be put into effect.

Then, again, she says: "I have thrashed him day in and day out." Now, I am not averse to any parent inflicting corporal punishment occasionally when it is absolutely necessary. But it must be very occasional and only when other methods have been tried and have failed. Continual hidings break a child's spirit and make him sullen and obstinate.

That mother is greatly to blame, too, for losing her temper. To talk about "doing an injury" to her own child shows a regrettable lack of self-control. I know that such a situation can be very aggravating, but that is no reason why the parent should lose her head.

If I were my correspondent, therefore, I should adopt other measures. I would make my word absolute law. If I said a thing, I would carry it out, whatever it entailed.

Then I would seek to gain my boy's confidence. Let her appeal to his better nature. When she wants him to do anything, let her try and explain the reasons for her request so that he feels he is co-operating with her.

Here is a letter from a man who writes with great sorrow to tell me that his daughter of fourteen is a thief. At first she took little things of no real importance. But now when she goes errands she fails to bring back the correct change, saying that the things have cost more than is actually the case.

"My wife and I are very upset about it," the letter goes on. "The constant worry is undermining my wife's health, and we wondered if there was anywhere she could go for a few months to be cured—somewhere that would be like home for her. She has left school, but we dare not let her go to a situation in case she steals something and brings disgrace upon all of us. I would willingly pay a small sum if only a cure could be effected."

Let us see if we can get to the root of this trouble.

This child has a mania for acquiring money. She even tells lies in order to get it.

But what does she do with that money? That is a very important question. If I knew on what she spent it I should probably be better able to put my finger on the clue to the problem.

MY correspondent omits another important piece of information. Is his daughter an only child? If so, has her mother made a companion of her? Do they talk over together their likes and dislikes, their pastimes and desires? The girl should be made to feel that her mother is ready to help and not simply to criticise. Understanding the child mind is the great secret of successful upbringing.

I always think it is a sign of weakness when parents want to pass on their responsibilities to someone else. This father wants to know if I can suggest a home to which his daughter could go. I hope that will not be necessary. The training of this child should be these parents' own concern and they should not shirk this responsibility.

In dealing with these problems I have given what I consider to be sound advice. But I have been subjected to a great disadvantage—I have seen neither the writers of the letters nor the children concerned.

Face to face one could form one's own opinion better and ascertain more significant facts. That is where a psychologist has the advantage of me. And if the methods I have suggested do not work, and recourse to a psychologist becomes necessary, I will gladly put my readers in touch with one.

DON'T BLAME YOUR DOG IF HE IS LISTLESS

BLAME THE WEATHER WHICH ROBS HIM OF HIS EXERCISE—AND KEEP HIM FIT AND HAPPY WITH BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

THERE are many days in winter when the weather is so bad that you simply can't take your dog for his usual run. But when you see him looking up at you with pleading eyes, and you have to refuse his requests to be taken out, there is always this consolation—the weather is never so bad that it need cause your dog a day's ill-health. When you can't exercise him give your dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders, and all will be well.

Why dogs lose condition in Winter

There are no pores in a dog's skin to carry away the impurities which rich winter foods leave in his blood, and when he misses his usual exercise these impurities infect every organ of his body. It is then that the neglected dog becomes such an anxiety—and a nuisance too—because he turns listless or sulky, and loses his coat, which soon becomes thin and shabby.

All this winter ill-health is quite unnecessary. Keep your dog happy and healthy by giving him Bob Martin's Condition Powders which remove every impurity from the blood, and in this way prevent (and quickly cure) all disorders due to poor blood condition, such as *listlessness, sulky temper, dull or loose coat, loss of appetite, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.*

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The *correct* way to keep your dog fit is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day for two successive days in every week. Whatever methods you have used in the past, follow this plan from now on, and condition your dog TO-DAY.

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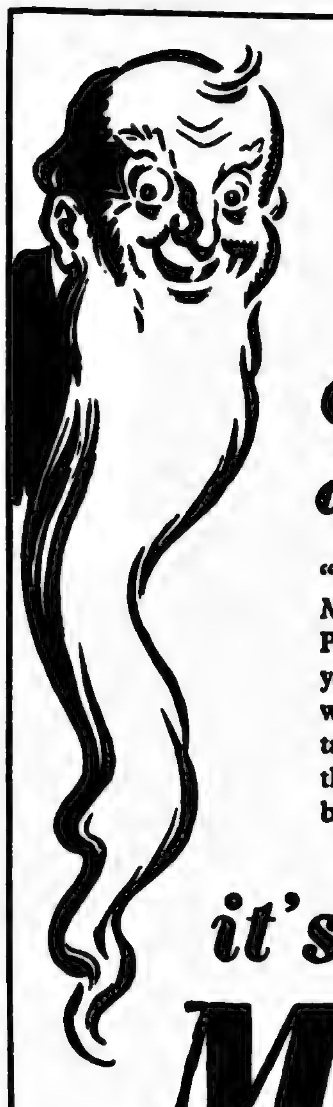

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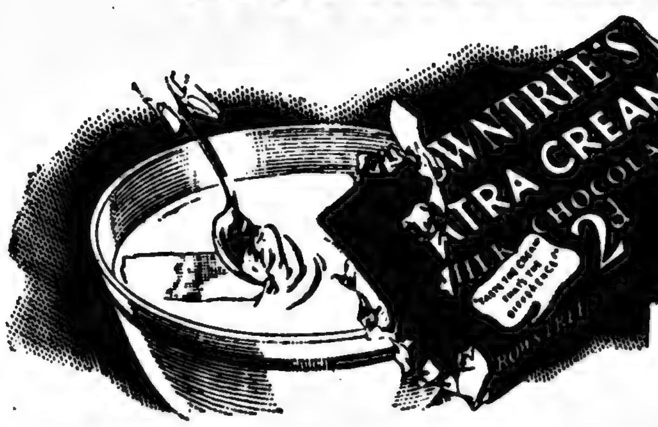

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"SOCCER'S a tough game," says Joe Hulme of the Arsenal. "You've got to think fast, move faster and still keep going. Chocolate gives me stamina. EXTRA-CREAM Milk Chocolate suits me best. And do I like the taste? I certainly do!"

"A HARD game of golf takes it out of you," says Archie Compston. "That's why I eat Rowntree's EXTRA-CREAM Milk Chocolate. There's nothing like it for keeping up your energy when the game is tight on the home stretch."

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High up on the giant steel skeletons, they risk their necks every working day

YOU have often seen them . . . perched at dizzy heights in the air—the "human flies" who perform almost superhuman feats when erecting the steel skeletons of the bigger and bigger new buildings of to-day.

Theirs is one of the most dangerous if not the most perilous of all jobs. And yet many thousands of these plucky workmen up and down the country risk their necks for a living every day.

Three thousand of them—the steel erectors they are called—take that risk in London alone, while office-workers travel placidly below them in tube and train and 'bus.

Three thousand men, strong of nerve and regardless of the many unexpected perils that beset them, climb steely heights to carry on the great work of rebuilding London in the modern style of architecture.

They face dangers unknown to the "landlubber" below; and these dangers beset them at the most unexpected moments and catch them unawares. On the one hand, Death awaits them; on the other, merely the privilege of carrying on with their job.

Human flies

The street-travelling public seldom gives much thought to the steel erectors—those men who, like human flies in the high distance, carry on their work of welding and riveting and bolting together the great steel skeletons that form the inner structures of the great new buildings.

They see a human figure raised high astride a steel girder, think "What a nerve that fellow must have," and forthwith forget him.

Yet the steel erectors of the great constructional firms daily face dangers of which the layman is completely ignorant. Death may come from any quarter. Sometimes it comes from the earth, sometimes from the sky; often it is sent by the elements—the anti-cyclones of which the weather prophets are so fond of talking—or even by the "birds of the air."

An example of the unexpected perils that face the men who are building the new London is provided by the case of Walter John Broadhurst, on whom a London coroner held an inquest the other day.

Broadhurst was a young man of iron nerve and cheerful temperament. He climbed 100-ft. stanchions as a squirrel climbs trees. He needed no more foothold than the rivet-heads that projected an inch from the side of the stanchions. His workmates knew him as a cheery fellow who often sang as he climbed to his work.

Death fall

Walter Broadhurst climbed up happily the other day—and suddenly he fell. Nobody quite knew the reason for his fall. But a few days before he had complained to his wife that smoke from a near-by chimney had got into his eyes and temporarily blinded him. It is assumed that on the day of his death smoke again blinded him: smoke that takes its direction from a change in the breeze.

Broadhurst was only one of many who have died at their work during the few years that new buildings have been skeletoned with steel. And always there has been an unexpected cause of death.

Smoke is only one of the perils that besets the steel erector.

In autumn and spring there are treacherous frosts that lie on the housetops but do not touch the ground except in the wide open spaces. In city streets, warm with the vibrations of traffic, with lights, with earth-heat, the frost is not perceptible. The steel workers climb their ladders, walk along their stanchions high above the streets, step on a patch of ice or hoar-frost. . . .

There is the case of Henry Williams, who last spring was walking along a girder 120 ft. above Throgmorton Street, stepped on a patch of ice on a morning when nobody but the weather experts knew there had been frost, and fell three floors—to land on his stomach across the steel cable of a crane. The contact winded him, but he had the presence of mind to grip the cable as he slid off.

Two hours later he was back at work. That is proof of the courage and nerve of the steel erectors.

Noise is also a peril these human flies have to contend with. Usually they are men of iron nerve; but the best nerves fail sometimes under the influence of sudden noise

Building firms quote examples of men who, unperturbed by great heights or by the usual monotone of street noises below, have suddenly gone to pieces at the sudden backfiring of a car in the street below. Specially are they so affected if they are ex-Service men who have known and hated the sound of guns during the war.

There are cases where men on the steel skeletons have almost lost their lives through a flight of birds. Starlings, migrating to warmer countries in autumn, fly across London in flocks of two or three hundred. In their passage they choose the open spaces; they fly through gaps in the ranks of buildings where steel skeleton work is in progress.

Fatal raindrops

Many a riveter has had his life endangered by a sudden swoop of chattering starlings that, coming on him unawares, has startled him when he has been intent on his work high in the air.

It is always the unexpected that startles these men of the steel skeletons; for all normal emergencies they are well prepared.

Sudden showers of rain constitute another peril. To the men of iron nerve who walk fearlessly along foot-wide girders high above the streets a few drops of moisture may spell Death.

Many of them wear rubber soles and heels to guard against possible slips on the surface of the steel on which they work; but a heavy shower that creates excessive moisture on the stanchions will defy even rubber. At least three deaths during the past year have been attributed to sudden showers on uncovered steelwork.

Yet with all the risks that beset him, the steel erector is one of the least protected of workers. The tightrope walker has nets spread beneath him; the house-breaker is protected by platforms erected below him; even the window-cleaner is attached from the waist by a hook that holds him to the building whose windows he is cleaning.

The steel erector has no safeguard. *Under the Government's Building Regulations of 1926 he is not even mentioned.* The Government has not thought fit to insert any special safeguards for this man who, with the miner, daily undertakes one of the most perilous jobs in the country.

The building regulations are of a general nature. They stipulate, vaguely, that "suitable scaffolding plant must be provided for workmen." They stipulate that this plant must be "adequate," that defective plant renders the contractor liable to prosecution, that scaffolding plant must be examined at least once a month by a competent authority selected by the employer, and that this expert must sign a book to the effect that the plant is sound.

Height money

Yet, ironically enough, this does not apply to steel erectors, welders and riveters. They have to look after themselves. Scaffolding and platforms are not used for steel building framework. The only platform these men know is the twelve or eighteen inch girder on which they walk or crawl at the risk of their lives.

That he does risk his life is proved by his scale of pay. He receives "height money"; the higher he goes to his work, the higher is his pay.

The Constructional Engineering Union, which looks after the men's interests, has secured an arbitration award under which the following rates are paid for work at varying heights, thus:

50 ft.	..	1s. 5d. per hour.
50 to 100 ft.	..	1s. 9d. per hour.
100 to 150 ft.	..	2s. 0d. per hour.
150 to 250 ft.	..	2s. 6d. per hour.

The highest wage paid recently for work on radio mast construction amounted, with lodging money, to 10s. 6d. an hour. The height was 700 ft.

The basic wage, under 50 ft., is £3 12s. 6d. a week.

It is time the building regulations were amended to cover the steel erector. These regulations are largely the relics of a period before steel structures became popular for modern building. They are totally inadequate to cover the perilous work of the men who create the "skeletons" of our great new buildings.

The men who, as a witness said at the inquest on poor Walter Broadhurst, "perform superhuman feats" in the air deserve some protection to compensate for the dangers they face every day of their working lives.

You can test Phensic FREE—see below ★

LETTERS to the FAMOUS LONDON PHYSICIAN who discovered 'Phensic' the certain CURE for INFLUENZA

For many years the famous London physician who discovered 'Phensic' prescribed it regularly to his distinguished list of patients. So thankful were they for the wonderful relief it brought them that hundreds wrote to express their gratitude. Their letters were unsolicited . . . sincere . . . and we are content to let them tell their own story. Read carefully through the extracts published below Read how 'Phensic' brought relief to these sufferers, and then consider the message they hold for *you*.

We are not only satisfied to let actual *users* advertise 'Phensic' for us, but, knowing that 'Phensic' is its best advertisement, we make an offer that is as timely as it is generous. We invite you to accept a trial package FREE, to prove 'Phensic' for yourself. At this time of the year you cannot afford to be without the means to combat infection. Don't delay. Fill in the coupon below for a trial supply.

an M.P. *writes—*

". . . On Sunday, in the middle of the election, I went down with an attack of Influenza and a high temperature, and on the following Tuesday I was able to travel down to the country; motor over 100 miles and address two mass meetings, and to carry on throughout the campaign at the same pressure."

—FROM A PROMINENT M.P.

an ACTOR *writes—*

"For several years past I have benefited by your 'Phensic.' It has on many occasions, when taken in time, prevented an attack of 'flu, and has always taken down a temperature without any ill-effects. Several times I would have been unable to work had it not been for 'Phensic.' It is more than a blessing, and I never travel without it."—H.P., London, W.9

a GENERAL *writes—*

"I have for a number of years used your 'Phensic' when I have been attacked by Influenza. I have invariably found that it brings down my temperature AND SINCE I HAVE TAKEN IT I HAVE NEVER SUFFERED FROM ANY AFTER EFFECTS OF INFLUENZA."

—General Sir —, London, W.11.

an ENGINEER *writes—*

"My family have used your 'Phensic' frequently some time. Recently my wife had a very bad attack of Influenza, accompanied by distinct murmuring in the lungs. I treated her with 'Phensic,' and absolutely no complications ensued, although she had suffered days with a variable temperature. There is no doubt that 'Phensic' certainly saved her from serious complications."

—M. M. B., London, S.W.1.

a MARQUIS *writes—*

"You will no doubt remember the time when I was pretty far gone towards delirium, about two years ago? I was in bed with a temperature of 104. You arrived ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK with 'Phensic,' and BY ELEVEN o'clock that night I was reading a book and telling everybody I didn't see why I should not go out to a function which I had promised to attend."

—D. M., London, E.C.4.

a JOURNALIST *writes—*

"I think your 'Phensic' is marvellous. I used to be terrified of 'flu, and ill for weeks, but now I know if I take 'Phensic' I shall be out in a couple of days. Also I don't get Neuralgia and the other things 'flu leaves behind. I know people who fly to 'Phensic' for nearly every kind of ailment."

Mrs. N. S. B., London, S.W.1.

Now the *accepted Harley Street prescription for—*

INFLUENZA, GASTRIC 'FLU, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATIC ILLS, CHILLS, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, EARACHE, SYNOVITIS

Phensic is a Safe Pain-Killer. Phensic cannot harm the heart . . . instead it has actually a tonic-effect. It lowers high temperature without lowering vitality. Many Nursing Institutions now prefer it to morphia for subduing pain after operations. Phensic does more than "relieve"—Phensic actually cures.

Phensic *is in handy tablet form—always carry it with you.*

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INFLUENZA
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Fill in this coupon and place in a ½d. stamped envelope addressed to **Phensic Ltd., 420 Chester Road, Manchester,** and a Trial Package will be sent to you free of charge. J.B.5.

Name..
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address..

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from all Chemists.

A Revelation in Relief of STOMACH ILLS

The amazing promptness with which 'Bisurated' Magnesia arrests acute pain; and its downright curative effects in obstinate cases of Indigestion, Gastritis and Ulcerated Stomach will be a revelation to the despairing sufferer who puts 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test.

"SEVERE PAINS IN STOMACH RELIEVED"

says Mr. Kelland of Exeter, who writes: "For a long time I suffered severe pains in my stomach; it seemed to be getting worse until I dreaded eating anything. The pain got so bad I was afraid I had a malignant growth in my stomach. I was advised to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia — the very first dose relieved the pain and now I can eat practically anything without any pain whatever. I am 74 years old and life seems worth living again."

from a recent photo of Mr. E. Kelland.

After years of torture 'Bisurated' Magnesia brought him complete and lasting relief!

PROSTRATED WITH PAIN DUE TO STOMACH TROUBLE

from a recent photo of Mrs. Bulman.

'Bisurated' Magnesia BROUGHT INSTANT RELIEF!

Mr. Bulman, of Hull, writes:— "My wife suffered stomach trouble for fifteen years, tried nearly everything possible without relief until she tried 'Bisurated' Magnesia which worked wonders. There is nothing to beat it, and after what I have seen her suffer, absolutely prostrated with pain, I think it my duty to sufferers to let them know of your wonderful remedy."

'Bisurated' Magnesia cured her when other methods failed.

Why continue to suffer pain and misery when you can so easily cure yourself? When you take 'Bisurated' Magnesia you are not making an experiment you are taking a remedy which has been curing stomach ills for over 20 years. Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from any chemist and start your recovery to-day!

Made in the Pharmaceutical Laboratories at Braydon Road, London, N.16. Manufacturers of Fine Pharmaceuticals for over 20 years.
Proprietors: BISMAG LTD.

Extra Cigarettes for you *when you make with A.G. Paper*

More—and better—cigarettes for the same price: that's what you get when you roll your own with A.G. Cigarette Paper. A.G. is the thinner stronger paper that gives you the full flavour of the tobacco and makes it easy to roll a perfect cigarette.

AG

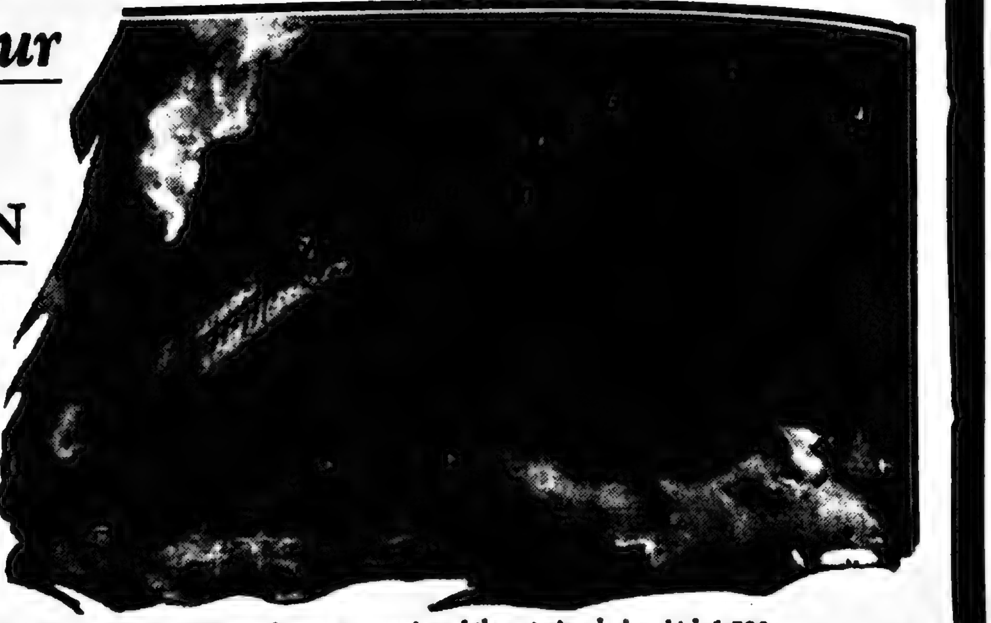
The Paper of nearly 50 years' reputation.

FITS ALL MACHINES

My Greatest Hour

by Lady DUFF GORDON

A survivor of one of the worst of all sea disasters



The loss of the "Titanic"—an impression of the catastrophe in which 1,500 people perished

Saved from the TITANIC

IF you agree that, in normal circumstances, one's most precious possession is Life, then you will understand when I say that my greatest hour was that in which I passed from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from disaster and agony, to emerge into a familiar world which I had never expected to see again.

It was tragedy swift and terrible, concentrated into one disastrous night—the night during which that great liner, the *Titanic,* struck an iceberg in the Atlantic and sank with hundreds of helpless victims. A tragedy all the greater because it occurred on the maiden voyage of a ship that was claimed to be unsinkable.

I shall never forget the happiness of that evening before the disaster, nor the contrasting terror of the hours that followed. For truly happiness reigned on board that evening.

It was a perfect night for the Atlantic, calm and cold—and it was growing colder. That was significant, though, perhaps, none of us realised it at the time; for the growing coldness indicated the approach of icebergs.

But the gay crowds on board had no thoughts of icebergs and their attendant perils. They had no thought but to enjoy the idyllic evening. Nor had I.

With my husband, I had been enjoying all the pleasures of an Atlantic crossing; the idle, restful days after hard work, the varied and fascinating company of new friends and acquaintances, the leisurely dinners, the dancing, the soft, romantic music of the ship's orchestra.

ALL around were cheerful, laughing men and women and girls. Some were playing games; the more sedate were at the card-tables; lovers and young people on honeymoon were secluding themselves secretively in corners or wandering round the upper decks beneath the sky, dreaming, perhaps, of the future, but reckoning without the rapid approach of Death.

Yet to me, as the evening wore on, came an odd sense of foreboding. When one is very happy, one is often struck by a fear that such happiness cannot last. Certainly, I was conscious of this feeling on that awful night.

But I tried to put the fear from me. My husband went early to his cabin, and I sat for some time in the lounge talking to my secretary, before I, too, went to bed. And, by the time I was dozing in the darkness, my fears had gone.

Then suddenly, as from a great distance, came a low rumbling sound. It might have been distant thunder, or somebody rolling a bowl along the deck above my cabin. With it came a slight tremor.

I heard people pattering along the deck, outside, laughing and talking. "I expect we've hit an iceberg," said one.

My fear returned. I went to my husband's cabin and expressed my fear. He told me not to be absurd. I tried not to be absurd. I went back. I reassured myself. I took a last look round my cabin before putting out the light. And then a terrifying thing happened.

A vase of flowers on my table began to slide, gathered speed, and crashed to the floor. A photograph of my daughter quickly followed. I knew then that my fear was justified: the ship was tilting—and on a calm sea.

Then I missed the familiar throb of the engines, heard, instead, the hiss of escaping steam. Outside, a more excited trampling of feet. A steward entered, smiling reassuringly, and asked me to put on my lifebelt, as a little journey in a boat would be necessary. There was no longer any doubt. . . .

How to describe the hour that followed? When I stood arm in arm with my husband on deck, watching the pandemonium; the lowering of boat after boat, the frantic fight for places in them, the confusion of voices, the crack of revolvers as the officers shot down Lascars who, mad with terror, were fighting like devils to get to the boats.

"Expecting Death, then—I saw Life again . . ."—Lady Duff Gordon

How to describe the weeping, terrified women, the women calm and courageous, the husbands and brothers firm and reassuring? Familiar faces emerge from the jumble of stark impressions—Colonel Jacob Astor, the Wideners, the Thayers, old Isador Strauss, all American millionaires. . . . Even to-day these memories are an agony.

They tried to force me from my husband into a boat, but I refused to leave him. And presently an officer came to us calmly and said there was plenty of room in the captain's emergency boat.

THEN began the night of terror on the sea. As the sailors rowed frantically away from the great liner, I saw a row of lighted portholes sink beneath the dark waters; then another and another.

And presently there was a great explosion, and the stern of the liner rose in the air and she plunged.

She plunged, and the last porthole light was extinguished, and a dreadful clamour of shrieks and cries filled the night and was extinguished, suddenly, terrifyingly, like the porthole lights.

Then there was silence, except for the lap-lap of water against our frail boat.

After that I was desperately ill for a long time. When I revived, the air was Arctic. Around us, in the dimness, I could see, not far away, vague, formless masses. They told me these were icebergs—one of them, perhaps, the same that had sent hundreds to their death.

I lay in the boat, sometimes conscious, sometimes happily in a state of semi-oblivion. When I was fully conscious I was racked by terrible sea-sickness and tortured by memory.

The sailors were rowing wearily—rowing heaven knew where; directionless, hopeless. Icy spray powdered us and they bailed water out of the boat.

As the terrible night passed I began to wish for death to end the agony. I expected death, as we all did. It seemed a forlorn hope, this anticipation of life.

Every time a wave broke over us and the frail craft was thrown about like a feather, we thought that our last moment had come.

Yet somehow we survived; and, after an eternity, we saw the first gleam of dawn across the sea.

Hope always returns with the dawn; and, with that first faint frostiness of light on the horizon, our expectation of survival was renewed. While all eyes in the boat were riveted on the eastern sky, I had an impulse to turn and look towards the still dark west.

And I cried out, for I thought that far away I saw a light.

At first the others would not believe me. But a few minutes later the light appeared again. It grew stronger, and suddenly the wearied sailors at the oars were galvanised into life. They turned the boat, and, with renewed strength, began to row towards that faint glow of hope.

WE who had expected death now had hope of life. It was like a resurrection. Exhausted bodies, lying in the bottom of the boat, found new energy. It seemed that even the sea grew calmer in sympathy.

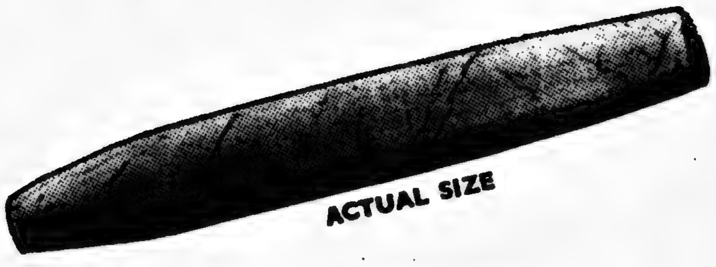
But it was many hours before that light, fading with the dawn, gave place to the form of a ship. It was the *Carpathia*, racing across the Atlantic to the scene of the disaster.

After the exhilaration of renewed hope, reaction set in. I was again oblivious, and when, again, my eyes opened to the daylight, I saw, only half a mile away, the great bulk of the *Carpathia*. I saw Life again.

It was an hour before we reached her, an hour before I was pulled, half dead, up the rope ladder they let down the side of the ship; an hour before two pairs of muscular arms reached out and lifted me on to the deck, and a stewardess wrapped blankets round me, and I was carried away and given brandy that felt like liquid fire; an hour before I sank again into oblivion, this time in a warm and sheltered cabin.

My greatest hour.

WILL'S'S WHIFFS



More and more men are "discovering" this wonderful little cigar and recommending it to their friends. It has a fine Havana flavour, it is cool and mild in smoking, and the cost is very moderate.

Cartons of 3	. . .	6D.
„ „ 6	. . .	1/-
Flat tins of 12	. . .	2/-

W.W.11

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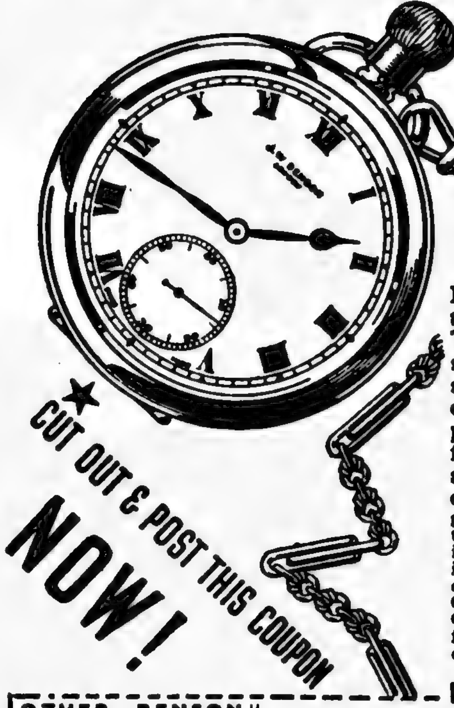
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BENSON'S world-wide business enables them to quote the keenest prices in the watch trade. That is the reason why Benson's can offer the superb Solid Gold New "Signal" Watch for such a low price as £7. 7. 0. And *you* can own this fine timekeeper for a reduced first payment of 5/-! The "Signal" Watch is fitted with a fifteen-jewelled lever movement, and is remarkably *accurate*. It will give years of perfect service. You receive Benson's guarantee of accuracy *in writing*, with the watch. After the first payment you complete the purchase in 14 instalments of 10/- monthly and a final sum of 2/-. No interest charged. You pay the cash price only. Post coupon below *at once* for Watch Catalogue and Special Order Form.

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Please send me, post free, the illustrated Catalogue(s) I have indicated together with full particulars of your "Times" System of Monthly Payments.

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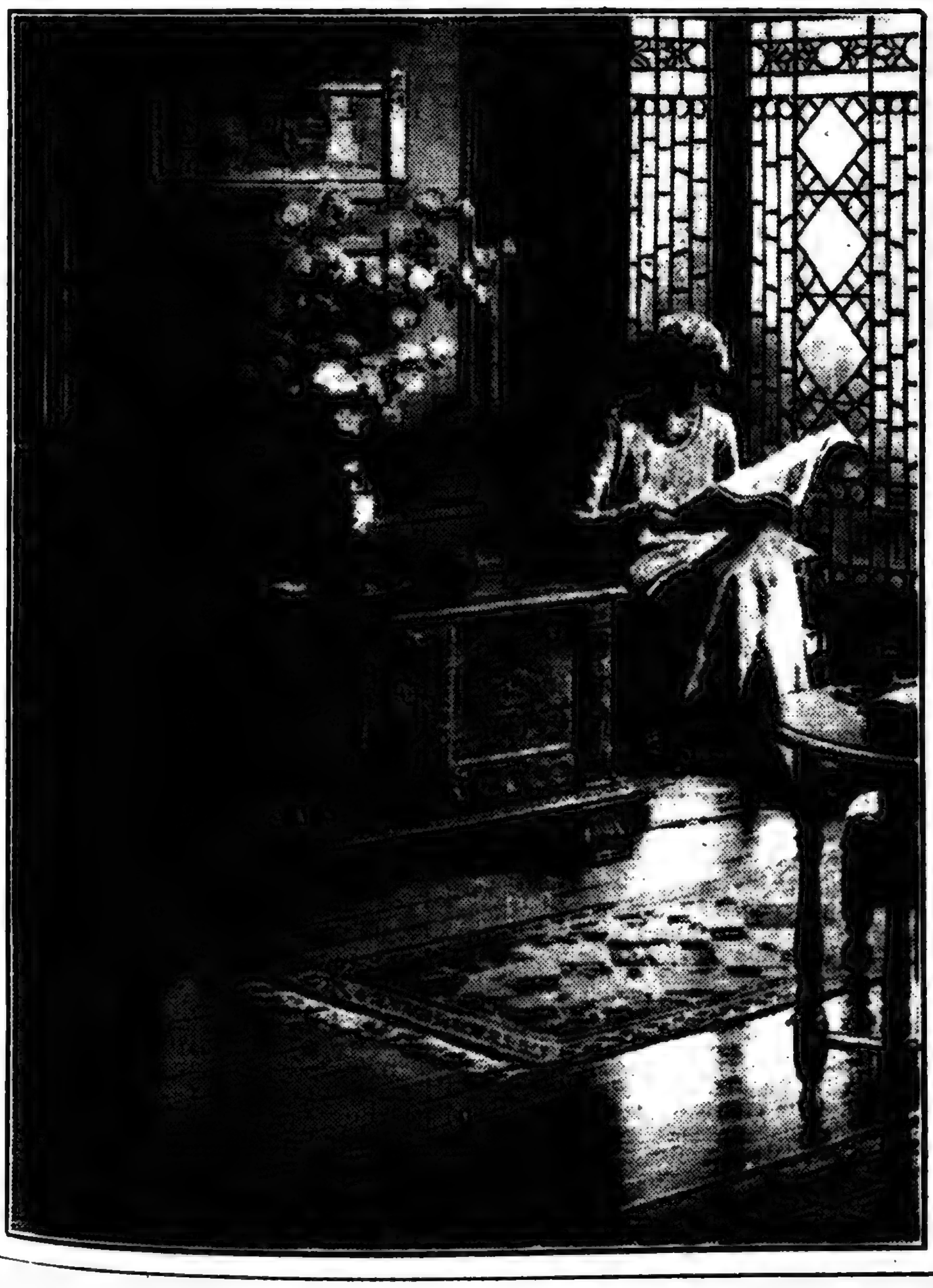

The Charm of a Polished Floor

Nothing adds greater charm to a room than a beautiful floor. To ensure that your floors radiate with a beauty worthy of your decorative schemes use "Mansion," the highly concentrated wax polish which gives such a lasting brilliance to Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum. It enriches the colour and grain of the wood and gives a hard, protective finish which lengthens the life of linoleum. For Dark Woods use Dark Mansion.

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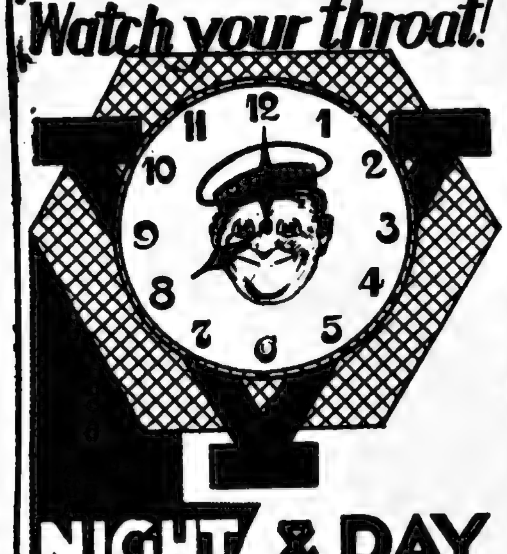
Tins 3d., 6d., 10½d. and 1/9.

Also large Household Tin containing 2 lb. net, 3/-.

Watch your throat!



NIGHT & DAY keep it WARM every MINUTE

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THE WORLD'S WINTER SWEETS

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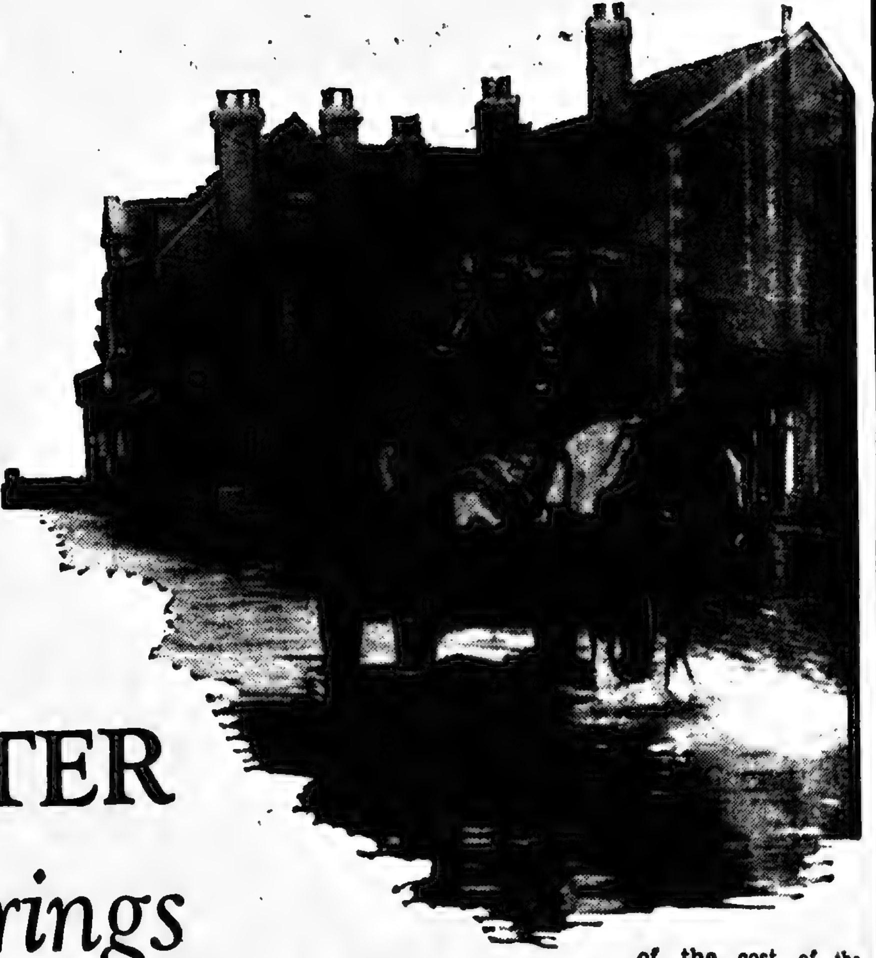
Where WINTER brings TERROR



Refugees of the flood; a scene near Doncaster, one of the many areas in Britain—

SIX years ago the Thames at Westminster overflowed and fourteen people, caught in the basements of their homes like rats in a trap, were drowned.

A few days ago came the news that a committee of fifteen had been appointed with dictatorial powers to ensure that there can never be a repetition of such flood disasters in London.

These fifteen men will be dictators because they will be councillors, Catchment Board authorities and representatives of all who have anything to do with the Thames and the districts through which it flows. They will succeed because they are a unified body working to a common end.

But what about the rest of the country? What is happening in the worst danger-spots, where people live every winter in the front line of Britain's annual flood terror?

There you have Catchment Boards, whose job it is to prevent floods, fighting the local authorities; councils fighting councils; councils fighting landowners and farmers through whose land defences must run; and the Government, over all, stinting or refusing the money for the very work it has ordered to be set in progress.

Take the Don Valley, for instance. On the flood maps it is marked in red. It is in the very front line of the flood invasions. In its very centre is the small town of Bentley.

Well, Bentley's 2,000 inhabitants are facing this winter with dread. Three times in the past two years, the last time a few months ago, they have been driven from their homes by great walls of water advancing across the valley.

In darkness and pouring rain, women and children have been roused from their beds by frantic messengers and taken to buildings on high ground, there to camp for weeks like war refugees while their homes lay flooded to the eaves under black water.

* * *

In the last floods £300,000 worth of damage was done and land made useless for crops for three years.

What has been done to prevent this happening again? The Area Catchment Board's labours so far have resulted in removing a few willows from the bottom of the River Don.

Its complete plans for ending the menace, checked and approved by experts, are gathering dust in pigeonholes because all appeals for Government assistance have been in vain.

Meanwhile, the Bentley folk await the inevitable ruin of their homes for yet another time.

Also in the flood danger-line are the Bootle and Litherland areas of the Merseyside, where there have been periodical floods wreaking enormous damage and loss for many years.

Only a few months ago an elderly man was drowned in one of the streets, swept off his bicycle by a six-feet-deep torrent of water running like a mill race.

But a drainage scheme passed last August, a scheme which would end such occurrences for ever, *is indefinitely postponed while three local authorities are haggling over the division of costs.*

Only a week or two ago the River Tawe burst its banks and flooded the Swansea Valley. Over 500 houses were inundated and the streets of towns like Pontardawe became canals and stayed so for several days.

People ate and slept on roofs; works and collieries were closed down and thousands of men thrown out of work.

Three years ago, when the floods first hit the valleys, the Glamorgan authorities decided that one of the causes was collieries and works choking the rivers with refuse and waste.

They have spent that three years arguing among themselves and with the industrialists and have done nothing.

* * *

In the Ouse valleys, the Derwent, and the Nene periodical floods have wiped out thousands of acres, destroyed cattle and homes. Not a single practical step has been taken in any of these areas to protect them in the future. The Ouse Catchment Board after years of expert deliberation decided on the building of a 1,000-yard embankment at the spot where the waters have always broken through.

But the farmers and landowners through whose land the defences will run want £25,000 for it. The various councils disagree about everything except that the land is worth only a fraction of that sum. *They cannot get powers for compulsory purchase, and the Government will give only £10,000 towards the amount required.*

So deadlock and the floods will sweep the valleys again.

These are merely a few instances from the flood danger-spots, which, according to a Royal Commission report, cover 1,750,000 acres of England, an expanse as large as Norfolk.

Are not flood dictators needed in these places?

For a sum equivalent to one-quarter of the cost of the damage and waste caused by floods in one year, regularly flooded areas can be put right for the next fifty years.

By spending £3,000,000 a year for ten years all Britain can be made safe from floods for ever. In that ten years 20,000 men can be employed who are at present being maintained in involuntary idleness for £8,000,000.

But that money, even such a proportion as will allow the work to get properly under way, is not forthcoming. And for the rest there is division of authority, inter-council bickering and Catchment Boards with powers they cannot use.

"Economy" cant, cuts, and muddle. That is why it is now inevitable that hundreds of families will be rendered homeless this winter, that thousands of acres of good land will be laid waste and that the annual tally of flood loss will mount higher. There may be a death-roll.

London's fifteen flood dictators have taken matters into their own hands. London will be all right.

But what about the rest of Britain?

Race with "Silver Ring"

TATT'S DECIDES

A BACKER who signs himself "Done" has asked me if he has any rights in regard to a disputed wager.

I told him that, legally, the answer was in the negative—that it would always be in the negative unless the antiquated gaming laws were amended—but that he could take his case to Tatt's.

Even so, a layer or backer can ignore Tatt's decision if so minded. The penalty is a "warning off" notice issued by the Jockey Club.

Enquiries are not allowed to take up too much time. The plaintiff states his case, the defendant replies, and, after the committee has elucidated one or two points, the chairman gives the verdict.

At Kempton Park this week-end make a note of Avenger in the Middlesex 'Chase, Coldstream in the Hampton Hurdle, and The Spider in the Richmond 'Chase.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 30, to Wednesday, December 6.

Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 93 B
L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I 95

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: FWKAZ94 would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O93W96WS2VO would read SIR TROOPS.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

SHIELDS GAZETTE:—"The choir was in splendid form in the rendering of 'The Heavens are FALLING.'"

MID-SUSSEX TIMES:—"Ladies' Whist Club.—The JUDGES were distributed by Mrs. ——."

BURY TIMES:—"Children's Court.—The Heywood magistrates have decided to hold a CONCERT in the magistrates' room on Monday afternoons."

COURIER AND ADVERTISER:—"Captain —— astonished the seafaring world by taking his famous SLIPPER."

WESTERN GAZETTE:—"—— was COOKING over the gate."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"—— made a long run, evading the TABLES of several opponents."

HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"—— pleaded not guilty and DESERVED his defence."

DAILY HERALD AND EXPRESS (Torquay):—"—— was charged with stealing GERMS."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"I have heard of a bull in a CHIN-shop."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"These old-time gloves were made of kid and BARE-skin."

TROON AND PRESTWICK TIMES:—"Their marriage came as a complete surprise to their wide circle of FIENDS."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"A long cut over his left EYES."

STOP THAT **COUGH**

—with **Edgar's Lotion**

The finest Remedy for
SORE THROAT
BRONCHITIS
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CROUP
WHOOPING COUGH
LOSS of VOICE
and all INFLAMMATORY affections of the THROAT and CHEST

Bronchial colds, sore throats, chest complaints—all yield instantly to the soothing balm of Edgar's Lotion. This wonderful Specific, used in our grandmothers' time, is still unsurpassed for its curative powers in relieving and preventing the onset of the dread respiratory troubles.

Apply Edgar's Lotion to chest or throat at the first sign of an attack. Continued treatment with Edgar's Lotion will conquer the complaint.

Doctors and Nurses heartily recommend Edgar's Lotion for all respiratory illnesses. They know it is an unfailing remedy for both children and adults. Keep a bottle of Edgar's Lotion handy for Winter emergencies.

From all Chemists, or by post 3/6 direct from Sangers, Ltd., Agency Dept., 176, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.

EDGAR'S LOTION
per 3/- bottle

LOST!

On washing day—lost, dainty white hands. Anyone reading this advertisement will be suitably rewarded by rubbing in a little Glymiel Jelly every time after washing or putting hands in water, and before going to bed.

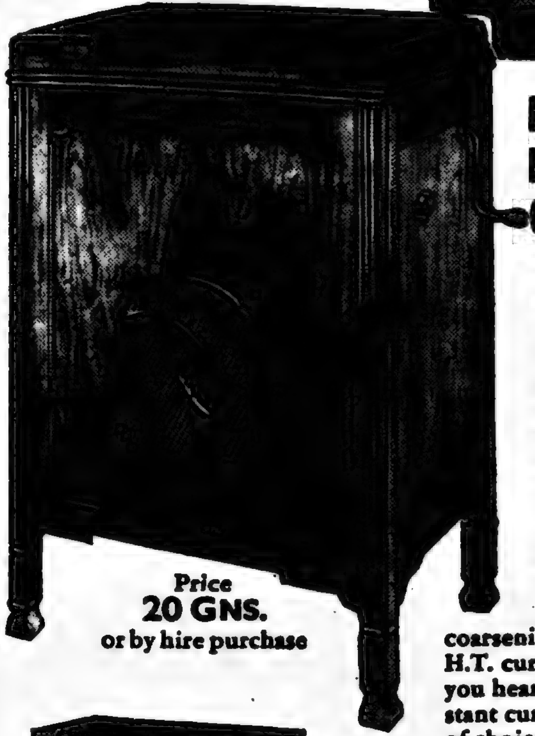
"My husband and I have used Glymiel Jelly for some years past now and find it excellent for our hands. Whenever they are rough or chapped we apply Glymiel Jelly at night and find them better in the morning. It also takes away all the redness after washing day."—Mrs. C. F. E——, Bournemouth.

Get Glymiel Jelly from your chemist to keep your hands soft, white, smooth.

GLYMIEL JELLY
Tubes 3d., 6d. and 1s.

ENJOY ALL-MAINS VOLUME & BRILLIANCE ON RADIO AND RECORDS FROM BATTERIES

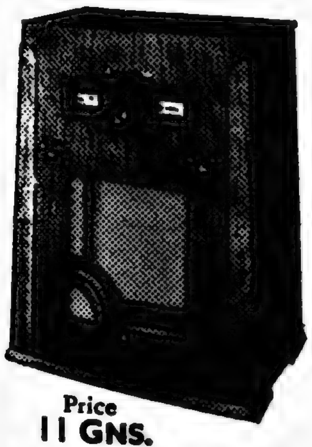
WITH THIS WONDERFUL COLUMBIA INSTRUMENT



Price
20 GNS.
or by hire purchase

MADE WITH THE MIGHTY RESOURCES OF EUROPE'S GREATEST RADIO FACTORY

With the Columbia C.Q.A. Battery Radiograph you can have reproduction as clear, tone as full, as from any all-electric radiogram of the same size. And you will have several features on your instrument which you would find in few all-electric radiograms! . . . These are the revolutionary results of Columbia's discovery, "Constant Quality Amplification". Because it has C.Q.A. you damp down volume without damaging tone; you increase volume without coarsening tone. And you use only enough H.T. current to produce each actual note you hear. Constant fullness of tone; constant current-economy; constant freedom of choice between radio and records . . . a year ago only an expensive all-electric radiogram would give you what you can now enjoy *from batteries for 20 guineas.*



Price
11 GNS.
or by hire purchase

NO ALL-MAINS 4-VALVE RECEIVER COULD GIVE YOU FINER RECEPTION THAN THIS BATTERY RADIO BY COLUMBIA

The Columbia C.Q.A. Battery Four removes the last disadvantages of the battery receiver! All-mains quality of reception without electric mains . . . tone constant whatever the volume . . . consumption of H.T. current automatically kept down to the needs of each note actually reproduced . . . here are all the advantages of C.Q.A. in an acutely selective four-valve set at 11 guineas. Ask your dealer to let you hear it. (*The above prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.*)

Columbia
RADIO AND RADIO-GRAPHOPHONES

Please send me particulars of the C.Q.A. Battery Radiograph Model 1003 and of C.Q.A. Battery Four, Model 1001, without obligation.

To the Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd., 98 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

NAME ________________

ADDRESS ________________

____

JB21233

Yes.. you may smoke

as long as it's Bondman... I love its aroma

Each ounce of Bondman is packed in 1-oz. Vacuum Tins to ensure its reaching you in perfect condition. Buy an ounce to-day and open it to-morrow—or next month—it doesn't matter when! No heat or damp can spoil its cool, even-smoking qualities.

11½d PER OZ. *RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA*

LLOYDS'
BONDMAN
EMPIRE BLEND
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, LONDON
BRANCH OF COPE BROS & CO LTD

10d PER OZ. *A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS*

LLOYDS
BONDMAN TOBACCO
SEALED IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

CRUEL INDIGESTION AFTER SUPPER

But Couldn't Sleep if Hungry!

Instant Relief with Dr. Jenner's Lozenges

Mr. C., Bloomsbury, writes: "*I am one of those individuals who cannot sleep if hungry. But I always take the risk of dreadful indigestion during the night. I am now able to eat a hearty supper and after taking one lozenge of Dr. Jenner's I suffer no discomfort whatever.*" People who have suffered years of agony from indigestion gain instant relief from a single Dr. Jenner's Lozenge. Dr. Jenner's are pleasant tasting lozenges, which descend into the stomach in the form of a cream, absorbing stomachic gases with marvellous carminative and soothing results. Heartburn, stomach pains, flatulence, dizziness, full-up feeling, disappear *at once.* No waiting for results with Dr. Jenner's. A remedy of the highest medical standing recognised and prescribed by doctors and Harley Street specialists. Made up in the private laboratories of Savory & Moore. DR. JENNER'S Absorbent LOZENGE Brand Digestive Tablets, 1/3, 3/–, all chemists, or post free from Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143a, New Bond St., W.1. (26.)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of pep

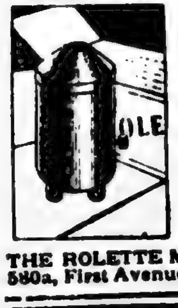
If you are fed-up and depressed, feel heavy-eyed in the morning and get the blues all day long, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives and expect them to make you feel fresh and buoyant and full of sunshine.

They can't do it. They only move the bowels and that doesn't get at the cause—your liver. Your liver's chief job is to send two pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Your stomach is filled with gas. You have a thick, bad taste in your mouth. Your breath is foul and skin blemishes often break out. You get headaches and feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile juice flowing freely and to make you feel right on top of the world. They contain harmless, gentle vegetable extracts and they are just wonderful when it comes to promoting the flow of bile. But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carters Pills. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and special 3/- size, saving ninepence.

ROLETTE ALL THE RAGE

2/6 COMPLETE



Everybody's going crazy on Rolette, the new ingenious game of thrills and excitement. It has made other games tame by comparison. Make Rolette your game this winter. Any number can play.

Rolette "Baby," complete in Box with full instructions, 2/6.

Larger Table Models with full-size green cloth, "Standard" 21/-, "De Luxe" 42/-

Ask your dealer for a demonstration. If any difficulty in obtaining, send to Manufacturers.

THE ROLETTE MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd., 580a, First Avenue House, High Holborn, W.C.1

***REAL* RELIEF**

for dry, husky, tickling throats.

VICK BRAND LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

The NEW SWINDLE on PARENTS

"*Here—I've bought a job for you,*" *he tells his son, cheerfully. And the premium shark is smiling, too . . .*

THE mean and heartless crooks who thrive by exploiting the needs of the workless have discovered a fresh outlet for their activities—the premium ramp.

It is a new aspect of the "employment with investment" type of fraud, against which, as our readers know, we have carried on an unceasing campaign for several years. But the premium swindle aims at a different type of victim, and it is flourishing because it is safe.

Let us give an example from a letter recently sent us and signed by six West Country readers.

A certain individual arrived in their district a few months ago and inserted advertisements in all the local daily papers asking for apprentices for his handcraft business. He demanded premiums ranging in amount from £10 to £50. The trade he was offering to teach is one which is becoming rare, but is extremely constant and profitable.

As a result of the advertisements a large number of parents, anxious to place their sons in so good a trade, got in touch with the man and, after signing agreements, paid over the premiums in cash. After the premiums were paid the man disappeared.

Police helpless

All that these unfortunate people have now got for their money is a worthless agreement, so cleverly worded that the police can take no action against the man.

These premium frauds are finding easy victims in the countless parents who are despairingly facing the problem of finding employment for their sons and daughters in a workless world.

Literally hundreds of advertisements now appear in daily newspapers offering tuition in various trades and professions to pupils and apprentices on a premium basis. They appear all the year round, but at school-leaving periods they treble and quadruple in volume.

At a conservative estimate 50 per cent. of them are frauds.

As a rule the premium shark is not so flagrant in his methods as the case we have quoted above. He usually has workrooms of a kind and keeps up a pretence of teaching a trade and running a business until he has accumulated a sufficient number of pupils and cash premiums to make it worth his while to clear out.

Impressing them

There is one man who specialises in teaching scientific instrument making, a very attractive and marketable trade in these times.

His headquarters were in a North London house, and parents who responded to his advertisements were shown round workrooms fitted out with elaborate and costly apparatus. They were shown samples of microtomes and other delicate instruments which, according to his statements, he manufactured for various laboratories.

Within a short time he got together nearly forty pupils at cash premiums ranging from £50 to £100. For a month or two the pupils filled in their time on elementary tasks like glass blowing and bending and threading lengths of metal rod, all for no apparent purpose.

Their employer began to absent himself frequently from the workrooms for several days at a time. One day he appeared and called them all together. He made them a short and rueful speech to the effect that bad trade, foreign competition and severe personal financial reversals had ruined his business and he could carry on no longer.

He gave them each a letter to their parents to the same effect. Then he disappeared.

He gave no explanation as to what had become of the premiums. He left it to be inferred that these had vanished in the general financial crash.

All the elaborate and costly equipment of the workrooms had been acquired from various firms of laboratory furnishers on the hire-purchase system, and it was subsequently collected by the owners.

Girls duped

The parents of the abandoned pupils were left to recover their premium payments from the remainder of the furniture, which realised less than £5.

We have given this instance in some detail because it is typical of most of this type of fraud. The trade, too, is typical. The premium sharks invariably work on one of the newer and more prosperous trades.

Girls as well as boys are dupes.

A common premium ramp is worked by certain so-called beauty salons which advertise for girl pupils to learn the highly profitable ladies' hairdressing and beauty culture business—at substantial premiums, of course.

One of these establishments operated until recently in a Mayfair street, which was not its first address by any means. It had between fifty and sixty girl pupils who had all paid more than £20 each. It ran for two months, during which time the pupils practised on each other, and learnt precisely nothing.

Then the salon closed down and its owners advertised again under another name with the intention of opening elsewhere.

Be careful!

In all these premium swindles the agreements and other conditions are so framed that neither police nor civil action against the crooks can be subsequently undertaken with any hope of success.

We warn our readers, therefore, to exercise the greatest care before completing arrangements to place their sons or daughters in any of these advertised premium pupil positions.

Particularly they should satisfy themselves that the business concerned is genuine and that it has been established for a reasonable time.

If they are in any doubt about it whatsoever—*write to* JOHN BULL *about it.*

The Human Machine

WAY of WISDOM

"COMPROMISE" is a word that has, unfortunately, come to have rather a sinister meaning. It is usually taken to imply weakness, and to indicate that there has been ignominious surrender.

There is no real reason for this. Compromise really implies toleration and understanding, and a willingness to meet other points of view. It demands a willingness to try and surmount apparently insuperable difficulties in the easiest way and with as little friction as possible.

The true meaning of "compromise" is "co-operation."

The end of every discussion about ways and means of doing things is always a compromise—the fitting-in of bits of everyone's ideas, taking the best and discarding the worst. And what is there to be ashamed of in that?

Fighting never achieved anything, whether on the battlefield or round the conference table. In the end the fighters will find themselves sitting round the very table which they left to start the fight, and endeavouring to do at the finish what they could have done at the start—achieve an understanding and a compromise.

It is only the bully who seeks to impose his will by fighting, the man who is obstinate and arrogant, unable to believe that anyone else's ideas have any value or that there can possibly be any point of view except his own.

Much more can be accomplished by working with people than by opposing them. The essence of wisdom is to obtain co-operation, and this can only be done by your being as willing to give way as you expect others to be.

The secret of all successful men is the ability to listen to others, and to listen to them with sympathy and understanding. It is the only way in which to get the best out of those with whom you work.

THIS COMPLETE KIT OF THE FAMOUS

'SKYSCRAPER'

YOURS *for* ONLY 8/6 DOWN

MOST SENSITIVE SELECTIVE & POWERFUL BATTERY SET YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF

The LISSEN
COMPLETE VISIBLE 89/6 VALVES
COMPLETE IN CABINET WITH LOUDSPEAKER £6'5' or 11/6 DOWN & twelve monthly payments of 10/6
INCLUDING VALVES 89/6

THE ONLY KIT YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF EMPLOYING METALLISED S G. HIGH-MU DETECTOR AND ECONOMY POWER PENTODE VALVES

GREAT *FREE* CHART

TELLS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH EVERY SINGLE NUT AND SCREW

Lissen have published a 1/- Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—every part, every wire, every terminal is identified by photographs. Everybody, without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with COMPLETE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied.

This Lissen "SKYSCRAPER" Kit Set is the only one on the market that you can build yourself, employing a Metallised Screen Grid Valve, High-Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three Valves Lissen have designed a home construc'or's kit the equal of which there has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS this Lissen "SKYSCRAPER," that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio? You can get the Lissen "Skyscraper" Chart FREE from any radio dealer, or by posting the COUPON below direct to factory.

To-day you can buy the LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" KIT on Gradual Payment Terms. "Skyscraper" Chassis Kit, complete with Valves, CASH PRICE 89/6. Or 8/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 7/6.

"Skyscraper" Kit, complete with Walnut Cabinet, and inbuilt Loudspeaker, as illustrated, £6 5s. Cash. Or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6.

LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" 3

ASK YOUR DEALER—OR POST COUPON

To LISSEN, Ltd., Publicity Dept., Isleworth, Middx.
Please send me FREE copy of your 1/- "Skyscraper" Chart.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

J.B.°34 ....

FOR WINTER COUGHS AND COLDS—TRY THIS

As there seems to be a regular epidemic of bad coughs and colds at the present time, the following prescription will undoubtedly be welcomed by many. Go to any good chemist, and get one ounce of Parmint (double strength); take this home and add to it ½ pint of hot water, and 4 ozs. of soft sugar, stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easy, tickling in the throat stops, and you get a good night's restful sleep. While this Parmint prescription tastes good, is easy to make, and costs little, it can be depended upon to stop a bad cough, break a hard cold, and even overcome influenza in a short time.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Guaranteed British-made Oak Table Grand Gramophone or Leather-cloth Covered Portable Model with 12 Ten-inch double-sided fixed price Half-Crown Records, complete & carriage paid. Price 58/- or 4/- monthly. No charge for easy terms.

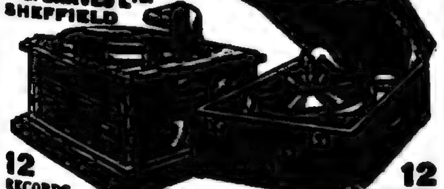
4/- NOW

Each Gramophone is fitted with perfectly adjusted, powerful worm-drive smooth running motor, newest improved type natural tone reproducer, 10-in turntable, new speed controller. Send 4/- to-day, stating which instrument you prefer, and we will despatch the machine & records safely packed & carriage paid on 7 days' approval. If entirely satisfied, you complete purchase in monthly payments of 4/-.

CATALOGUE POST FREE.
Table, Pedestal, & Portable Models all on Easy Terms.

WRITE NOW

J. G. GRAVES LTD.
SHEFFIELD



12 RECORDS (24 Selections) 12 RECORDS

YOU'LL NEVER GET TYRED OF

NUTTALL'S MINTOES

PER QR 4D

Nothing gets left on the shelf

With a bottle of Military Pickle handy, it is easy to convert scraps of cold meat into a tasty meal.

MILITARY PICKLE

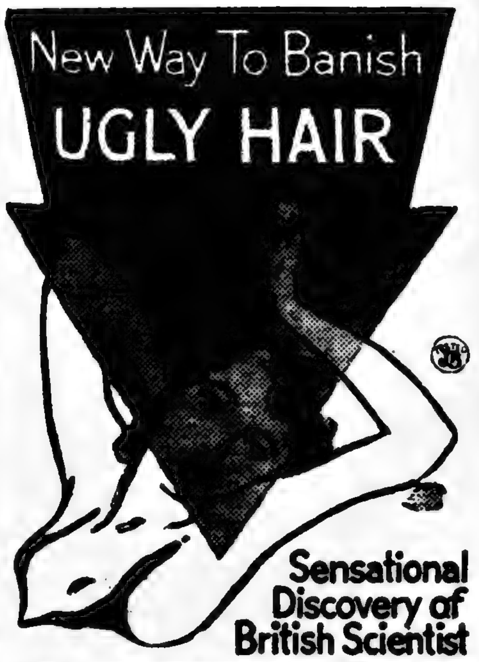
Hayward's

Of all Grocers.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.11

SMOKE ST BRUNO

It's a Man's Tobacco



New Way To Banish UGLY HAIR

Sensational Discovery of British Scientist

Men detest superfluous hair. They never find a woman attractive who suffers from it. To-day, in 3 minutes, you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair, and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. No dangerous and nasty smelling pastes—no painful electric needles—no razor, which only makes the hair grow thicker.

Wenlo-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British Chemist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenlo-White is now contained in the *NEW VEET*—a white cream guaranteed 100% pure. As easy to apply as a face cream, and delightfully perfumed. Look on the label for the words *NEW VEET*. At all chemists and hairdressers, 6d. and 1/6.

◆ Turn to Benson's Watch Offer on page 33. 5/- secures the model illustrated. Send for free Catalogue.

IVORY WHITE

THE LATEST AND SAFEST COLOUR FOR YOUR CYCLE

White looms up in darkness and warns approaching traffic of your presence on the road. Repaint your black cycle with Robbialac Ivory White Enamel and guard yourself against the dangers of dark roads.

A 1/9 tin of Robbialac is sufficient to convert your old black cycle into an ivory white one and make it look like a "this year's model." You cannot help making a perfect job with Robbialac Enamel, for it spreads evenly and gives a beautiful, glass-like surface which will not crack or peel. If you do not wish to change the whole frame from black to white, buy a 9d. tin of Robbialac Ivory White and paint the rear mudguard.

FREE *When you have bought your tin of Robbialac, send the capsule to Dept. J.B.21a, Robbialac Works, Stratford, E.15, and you will receive a 'SAFETY FIRST' TriangleTransfer to fix to rear mudguard.*

YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR CYCLE TO IVORY WHITE FOR 1/9

ROBBIALAC

OVER THE STICKS

The Same Generous Terms as for the flat are given by

No Limit Win or Place — THE BIG TWO — No Limit Win or Place

WINNINGS BY RETURN

One shilling up to any amount can be INVESTED BY LETTER in accordance with rules

Best Long Odds on Future Events

Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE

Every Client of the Popular 'Big Two' CHALLENGER FOOTBALL LISTS Can secure FREE a high-grade FOUNTAIN PEN AND PENCIL to match in presentation case

DO NOT MISS THIS FREE OFFER

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. BATH STREET GLASGOW, C.2

Please send me coloured illustrations and full particulars of your Free Offer of the "Big Two" Writing Set. J.B.

Name ....

I am over 21 years of age.

Address..............................

Town .... County ....

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

One JOKE I didn't laugh at

SINCE returning from the Army, my husband has manifested an inclination to fall asleep at odd moments during the day.

On one occasion he went to sleep while I was talking to him. Partly from annoyance and partly from sheer fun, I burst a paper bag close to his ear.

Not until that moment did I know that a sufferer from shell-shock is never really cured. As I soothed him, I was nearer tears than laughter.—*H. Dalbey, Lozells.*

Fruitless Search

There were four of us, average age eleven, sliding on a shallow pond. One of us smashed a hole in the ice, and screamed to two passing men that a boy had disappeared.

One of the men ran to the hole, jumped into the water and began to search, fruitlessly of course, for the body.

We didn't laugh three weeks later when we heard that the man had died of pneumonia, following his immersion in the icy water.—*W. H. F., Chorley.*

Burnt a Ghost

I had been working down the coal mine about four years. One day a new boy started work, and we, as usual, played a prank on him.

I took my white shirt, hung it on some timber, and sent the boy on an errand, intending to frighten him.

When he came back, he said to my mates, "I saw a ghost just now, but I burnt him." The joke was on me. It cost me 7s. 6d. for a new shirt.—*Wm. John Welding, Merthyr Tydfil.*

Envelope Scare

I was sixteen, a nervous junior in a large office, and terribly scared of beetles, mice and the like. Often mice were put in my desk, beetles drawn on my pad, dead birds put in my pocket.

One Friday night, coming in for night duty, I found my wages packet in my desk. I began to open it, when I saw a huge beetle inside. I flung the packet from me, and it fell into the stove.

It was no consolation to learn later that the beetle had been a harmless toy.—*Mrs. E. J., Forest Hall.*

Wrong Time

Left temporarily in charge of a job, I was the only one owning a watch. One of the gang went to my pocket in the workshop and advanced the watch three-quarters of an hour. Deceived by the darkness of the November afternoon, I noticed nothing wrong and called time.

Going home, I ran into the "boss." My explanations were not listened to. I got the "sack," and have been looking for another job for the last three years.—*"Bill," Devon.*

Why She Wept

An old woman, unable to read or write, supplemented a pension by letting rooms. Passing her house one day, I was startled by a notice in her window: "To let, lodgings with a charming young widow. Apply within."

She told me a youth had offered to print the notice, for which she had been very grateful. The poor woman's tears of mortification when I told her what was written took away all my desire to laugh.—*Mrs. Magee, Liverpool.*

Who Was the Fool?

It was April 1, and a letter had arrived, apparently from friends a few streets away, inviting my brother and two sisters to spend the day with them.

As I watched them depart, I thought, "They will soon come back, and then I shall have a laugh at having made them all such glorious April fools."

Not until late in the evening did they appear, all looking supremely happy. They had spent a lovely day—been taken out in the car for a picnic in the country.

It was I who was the April fool.—*W. H., Derbyshire.*

Not So Funny

Whilst in the Army in India, I thought I would have a joke on a new recruit just arrived from England. I told him the commanding officer wished to see him. He went at once, and the C.O. told him not to be a fool.

He then came back to me and said, "You're funny, aren't you?" With that he hit me right between the eyes, and said, "There, isn't that funny?"

I was in hospital three weeks, and I did not feel like laughing.—*J. T. Smith, Richmond.*

She Couldn't Dance

When a girl in my early 'teens, I lived in the country, and was fond of dancing, but mother and father did not approve.

A dance was fixed for a certain date at the town three miles away. After much pleading, I was permitted to go, and made a pretty frock. I got everything ready, including a case containing my dance shoes.

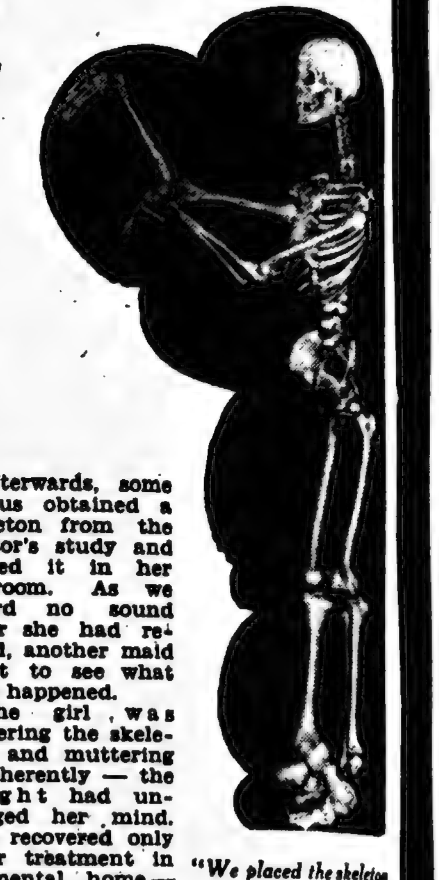
On arriving at the hall, I discovered that the case contained only a pair of old, muddy gardening shoes.—*C. M. B., Chadwell Heath.*

Tragic Fright

We were relating ghost stories at a party given by the servants in a doctor's house. A maid declared that no such apparition could terrify her.

Afterwards, some of us obtained a skeleton from the doctor's study and placed it in her bedroom. As we heard no sound after she had retired, another maid went to see what had happened.

The girl was fingering the skeleton and muttering incoherently — the fright had unhinged her mind. She recovered only after treatment in a mental home.—*J. G., Glam.*



"We placed the skeleton in her bedroom"

Behind Her Back

Going home from school, I bought some fireworks. Seeing my mother busy, I lit one behind her back, then threw it down at her feet.

Never shall I forget her look and scream. But it didn't stop at that. It brought on a serious illness, from which it looked for a long time that mother would lose her life.

After she got well again, she impressed on me what I might have done.—*G. A., Reading.*

Precious Time Lost

An ex-soldier, unemployed for two years, I received a letter signed "A Friend," which read: "Call at —. Situation open for you." I walked, almost ran, all the way (three and a half miles), and discovered the situation was for a nursemaid. I walked home.

Another letter awaited me. I was to call and fill a post already applied for months previously, but at a certain hour.

I was already three-quarters of an hour late. I spent my last 2s. on a taxi, but was too late. I lost the job by an hour, and am still unemployed.—*Malcolm McIntosh, Leith.*

Saw Snakes

While serving in the police in China, an old constable used to get the worse for drink. Several of us thought we would have a good laugh at him, so we procured a large, harmless snake and put it in his bed.

When he pulled down the bedclothes he gave one yell and bolted for the veranda, three storeys above the compound.

It took four hefty young fellows to hold him, and he was four days crazy in hospital.—*F. C., Beddingham.*

* * *

I decided to play the ghost on my two brothers, so glided into their room with a sheet over my head. My younger brother buried himself in the bedclothes, but the elder said, "Whatever it is, I'm having a smack at it," and caught me full in the face with his fist.—*Mrs. W. Bowler, Barrow.*

I made up a small parcel for my teacher, putting the words inside, "April Fool." Unfortunately I spelt the word "Apirl." After school, teacher said to me: "I want you to write the word April 500 times, and see if you can spell it correctly."—*E. J. Holford, Sussex.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, December 5.

The Defiant Daughter—What I'd Do with Her

(See "Straight from the Shoulder," page 8.)

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on December

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Sunderland.
(2) BLACKBURN v. Portsmouth.
**(3) W. B. ALBION v. Sheffield U.
(4) Birmingham v. VILLA.
(5) DERBY v. Wolverhampton.
(6) EVERTON v. Chelsea.
*(7) LEEDS v. Stoke.
(8) Manchester C. v. Hotspur.
(9) Newcastle v. Huddersfield.
(10) WEDNESDAY v. Leicester.
**(11) ARSENAL v. Liverpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) LINCOLN v. Oldham.
(2) NOTTS COUNTY v. Bolton.
(3) SWANSEA v. Brentford.
(4) BLACKPOOL v. West Ham.
*(5) BRADFORD C. v. Plymouth.
(6) Bury v. Preston.
(7) FULHAM v. Grimsby.
(8) HULL v. Bradford.
(9) MILLWALL v. Burnley.
**(10) PORT VALE v. Manchester U.
(11) Southampton v. Forest.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) Q. P. RANGERS v. Southend.
(2) LUTON v. Gillingham.
(3) Torquay v. BRISTOL R.
(4) Aldershot v. Exeter.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Cardiff.
(6) BRISTOL C. v. Watford.
(7) ORIENT v. Charlton.
(8) Newport v. Coventry.
(9) Northampton v. PALACE.
*(10) NORWICH v. Reading.
(11) SWINDON v. Boscombe.

NORTHERN SECTION.

*(1) HALIFAX v. Mansfield.
(2) ROTHERHAM v. Southport.
**(3) WALSALL v. Darlington.
(4) YORK v. Gateshead.
*(5) BARROW v. Rochdale.
(6) CARLISLE v. Tranmere.
(7) Chester v. Accrington.
(8) Crewe v. Hartlepools.
(9) DONCASTER v. Chesterfield.
(10) N. BRIGHTON v. Wrexham.
(11) STOCKPORT v. Barnsley.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) FALKIRK v. Clyde.
(2) Third Lanark v. MOTHERWELL.
(3) DUNDEE v. Partick.
**(4) CELTIC v. Airdrie.
(5) ABERDEEN v. Rangers.
(6) HAMILTON v. Queen of South.
*(7) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Queen's Park.
(8) Hibernians v. AYR.
(9) KILMARNOCK v. Hearts.
(10) ST. MIRREN v. Cowdenbeath.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—10 (*H*); Southern Section—3 (*A*); Northern Section—3 (*H*); Scottish League—4 (*H*) would indicate Arsenal, Port Vale, Bristol R., Walsall and Celtic.

FREE
Real Silk HANKY PUFF

AMAZING OFFER
For Few Days Only

A new idea enables any woman to powder once in the morning and to have a fresh, lovely complexion all day. Even the greasiest skin remains free from shine whatever you are doing.

The secret is a new process, patented by Tokalon, by which 'Mousse of Cream' is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. This makes Poudre Tokalon stay on in spite of wind and rain, and even all through a long evening's dancing in a hot room. That is why Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing it to become rough and dry. Poudre Tokalon will give you a girlish beauty that will be the admiration and envy of all your friends. 6d. & 1/- a box.

For a few days only a real silk hanky puff will be given Free with each purchase of any of the following Tokalon products: 1/- box Poudre Tokalon; 1/- New Tokalon Compact; 1/- jar Vanishing Skinfood; 1/3 jar 'Biocel' Skinfood.

Ask your dealer to show you the range of pastel shades, and take the one you prefer.

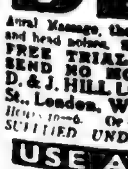
GET YOURS TODAY
Before Your Dealer is Sold Out

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

DEAF?

Aural Massage, the simple home treatment, defeats deafness and head noises. Swift and certain. Nothing to wear. 3 days' FREE TRIAL on receipt of name and address only. SEND NO MONEY. One month's treatment for 10/-. D. & J. HILL Ltd., Deaf (Postal) Dept. 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 *(Over Oxford Circus Tube Station).* *Hours 10—6.* Or 431, Chester Road, Manchester. *Hours 9—5.* *SUPPLIED UNDER NATIONAL HEALTH BENEFIT*

USE AURAL MASSAGE



Free—This Brochure on SUCCESSFUL PERSONALITY

A marvellous system of self-training which overcomes timidity, bad memory, lack of concentration, etc., and develops disciplined personality. The Brochure is FREE—Write NOW.

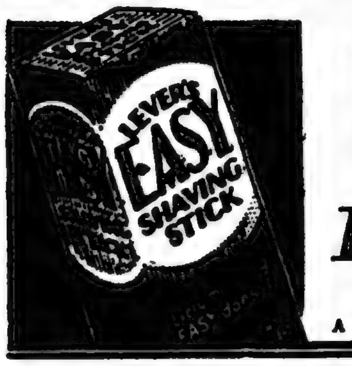
PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
(Dept. J.B.),
11, Todd Street, Manchester. 3.

✻ Send for this FREE CATALOGUE

The Drage Christmas Number is brimful of interesting stories, illustrations of Furniture, Free Gifts, and other illuminating information. Fill in the coupon on page 27 and post it now to secure your free copy.

They picked out King for promotion

It's easy to see how King came to be taken more notice of. He stands out from the other men by his well-shaved look—in striking contrast to their scrubby chins. Morning after morning it's the same. You can tell at once that King is not one of those men who shave one day and miss the next, or who use ordinary soap. Not he—for he uses Lever's Easy Shaving Stick, which gives him the keenest, most comfortable shave *every* morning. That's because it's a soap made for the job—as you can tell from its rich, creamy lather. And King gets a hundred perfect shaves for a mere sixpence. That's all his Lever's Easy costs him. Try it yourself. Sixpence is little enough to pay for a hundred shaves such as may lead to promotion for *you*.



If you don't pass a dealer's shop on your way to work see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.

100 shaves for 6d

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

E 228-172 55

GIANT 3-IN-1 PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT!
RESULT OF CROSSWORD No. 237.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—

R. H. OWEN, West Gate, Bridgnorth, Salop,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive £2 a week for life, £350 Cash, and a cheque for £50 this Christmas, or one lump sum of £850.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 12, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following 21 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £4 15s. 3d.:—Brown, Mrs. E., 11, Perth Rd., Milton Portsmouth; Burman, W., 75, Barrow Lane, Hessle, Yorks; Davies, S. O., La Serena, Lon Mefus, Sketty, Swansea; Goodberry, R., 13, Clephane Rd., Essex Rd., N.1; Hanford, M. M., 55, Wern Rd., Skewen, Glam.; Harvey, H., 15, Egerton Crescent, Plymouth; Jennings, H., 42, St. Michael's Rd., Wood Green, N.22; Johnson, Mrs. C. E., 129, Sutton Court, Chiswick, W.4; Jones, Mrs. E., 1 Bk., 39, Tudor St., Winson Green, Birmingham; King, Mrs. W., 26, Armstrong St., Swindon; Miles, G. E., Noah's Ark, Kemsing, Sevenoaks, Kent; Morris, F., 5, Honyatt Rd., Gloucester; Murgatroyd, Mrs. S., 25, Wood St., St. Annes-on-Sea; Newitt, Mrs. M., 74, Burlington Ave., Kew Gardens, Surrey; Pollock, T. A., 9, Bertram Place Newcastle-on-Tyne; Samuel, J., 44, Lammas St., Carmarthen; Sheffield, Mrs. E. H., 166, Sutton Court Rd., Chiswick, W.4; Stepto, Mrs. E. U., 62, Penrose St., Walworth, S.E.17; Thorne, W., Ashton-Keynes, Swindon; Venables, C., 37, Rodway Rd., Bromley, Kent; Watkins, Mrs. K., 3, Springfield Rd., Holmewood, Nr. Chesterfield.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, the winner of the First Prize and each of the 21 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 235. Twenty-five competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £4 will be despatched accordingly.

"JOHN BULL'S" RECORD 3-IN-1 XMAS CROSSWORD OFFER. Turn to Page 40 for full details and enter for these magnificent must-be-won prizes NOW.

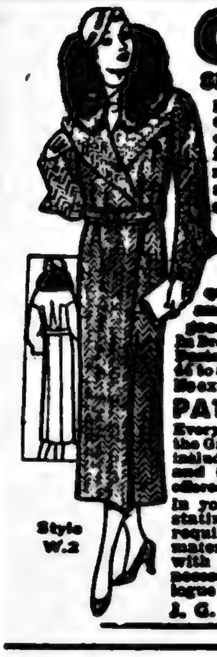
INFLUENZA!
TAKE
FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

THE GREAT PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA COLDS, FEVERS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

70 YEARS REPUTATION.

Sold in Bottles at 1/3

SEND FOR THIS.
FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"
Post Free on Application to:—
ALFRED FENNINGS. COWES. I.W.
WHEN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.



Style W.2

GRAVES
SMART WINTER COAT

produced in a cosy and durable cloth with chevron weave effect, tastefully cut, & carefully tailored. Bold revers, newest fashion shoulders and sleeves, stylishly designed back and an all-round belt of self material, finished with neat slide. The garment is fully lined with super quality Art. Silk Mixture Twill and has a lovely Lamb Collar of good depth and excellent quality. In Brown, Grey, Wine, Lido and black. Busts: 32, 34, 36, 38in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. 5/6 monthly. No extra charge for Easy Payments.

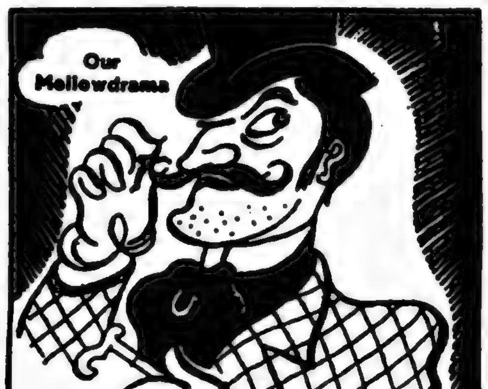
5/6 NOW

37/6

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes Coats, Costumes, Frocks and Robes for all occasions, all offered at keenest money-saving prices. In your own interest write now, stating the style of garment you require. Samples of the actual materials will be sent you together with self-measurement form, & all necessary information; also Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



Hiss the villain, JASPER GADD.
His throat (just like his soul) is bad.
He smokes too much. "Take care! you cad—

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

$2\frac{1}{2}$D. *Per ounce*

In Flat tins 3d. & 6d.

ZUBES WILL CLEAR YOUR THROAT & CHEST

PURE
STOUT

Marvellous TONIC & FOOD
EASILY MADE AT HOME

FOR 1D PER PINT

Get your VIGGORMALT (*Dark for Stout or Pale for Ale — state which*) from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Parkes International, Co-ops., all Stores, Chemists, Grocers, or send P.O. to VIGGORMALT, Ltd. Dept. 20, Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.

Trial Size 1/- PER TIN
3 Times Quantity 2/6 tin
POST FREE U.K. & I.F.S.

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PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY
(NO ADULTERATION OR ADDED COLOURING)
"*Simply add cold water*" FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

GRAVES
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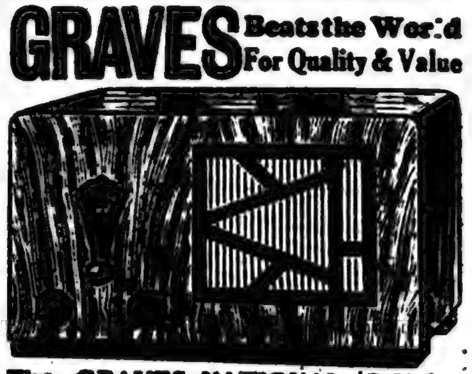


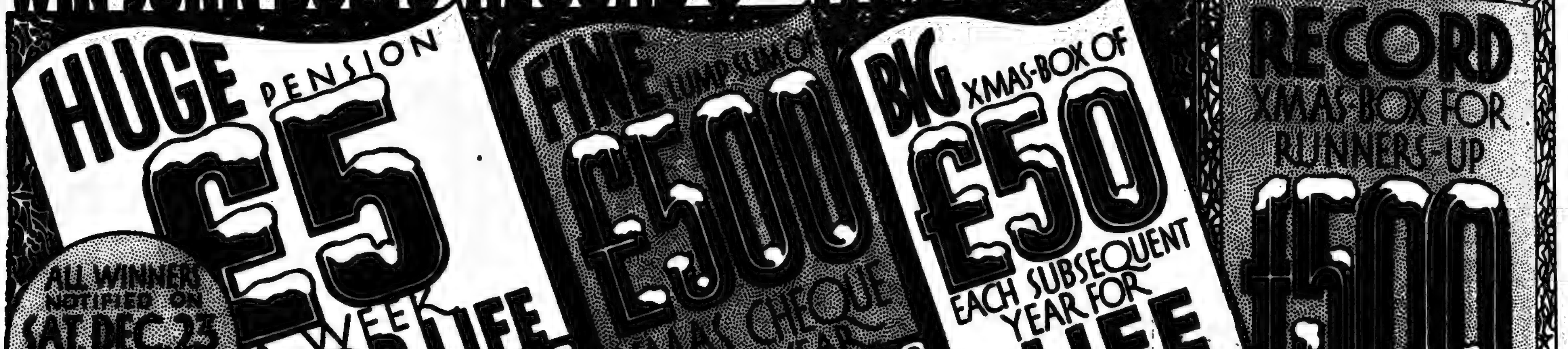
The GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set is a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise. Every component the best of its class.

All-steel Chassis, Special Coil Circuit using iron-cored radio frequency coils. Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of advanced design and natural tone. British Valves. Illuminated Tuning Dial. Cabinet $17 \times 10\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$in., beautifully figured Walnut. Complete with Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free. Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass Super Het Sets, etc.

8/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

WIN 'JOHN BULL'S' RECORD 3-IN-1 XMAS PRIZE FOR THIS CROSSWORD!


HUGE PENSION
£5
A WEEK FOR LIFE
PLUS
FINE LUMP SUM OF
£500
XMAS CHEQUE THIS YEAR
PLUS
BIG XMAS-BOX OF
£50
EACH SUBSEQUENT YEAR FOR LIFE
RECORD XMAS-BOX FOR RUNNERS-UP
£500
ALL WINNERS NOTIFIED ON SAT. DEC. 23 — Enter by Noon Thurs. DEC. 14
IF WINNER PREFERS ONE HUGE LUMP SUM, 'JOHN BULL' WILL PAY £2500

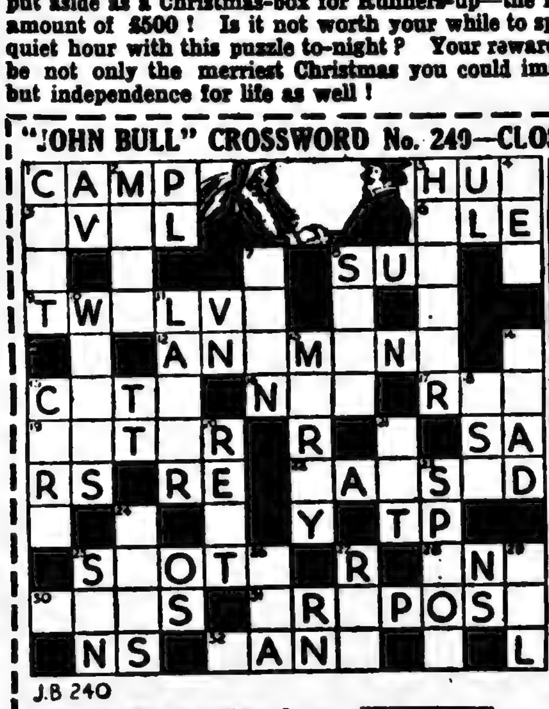
NO Christmas of the past has ever brought so huge an opportunity for Crossword solvers as Christmas, 1933.

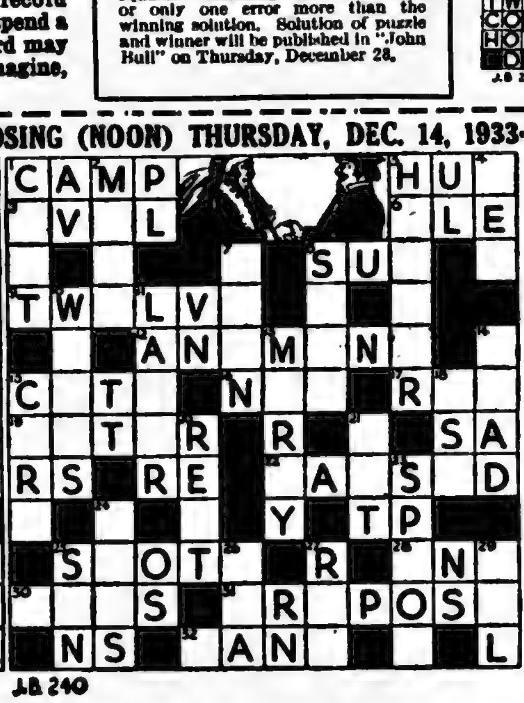
Just when Christmas Day is upon us, in the afternoon of Friday, December 22, to be exact, somebody who tackles the Common-sense Clues herewith may be thrilled by a telegram from "John Bull." Picture yourself opening that message and realising that you have won a Pension of £5 a week for life, a huge Christmas Cheque for £500 and a yearly Christmas-box of £50 to follow!

Consider, too, the tremendous sum which has been put aside as a Christmas-box for Runners-up—the record amount of £500! Is it not worth your while to spend a quiet hour with this puzzle to-night? Your reward may be not only the merriest Christmas you could imagine, but independence for life as well!

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £5 a week, a Christmas Cheque of £500 this year and £50 each subsequent Christmas for life (or a lump sum of £2,500) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £500 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on Thursday, December 28.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 240—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1933.


J.B 240


J.B 240

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. value.........No.......
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED..

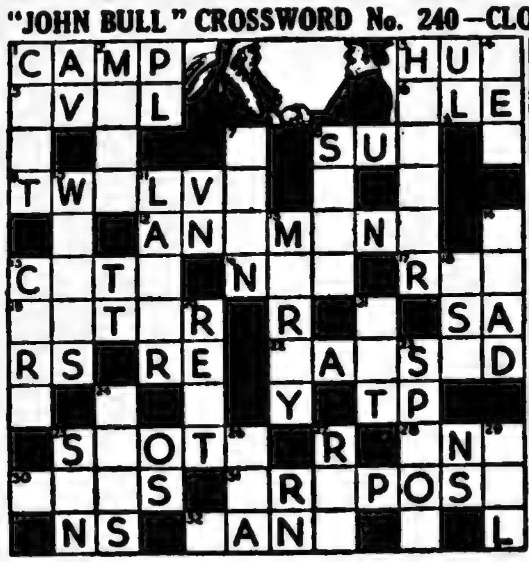
ADDRESS..

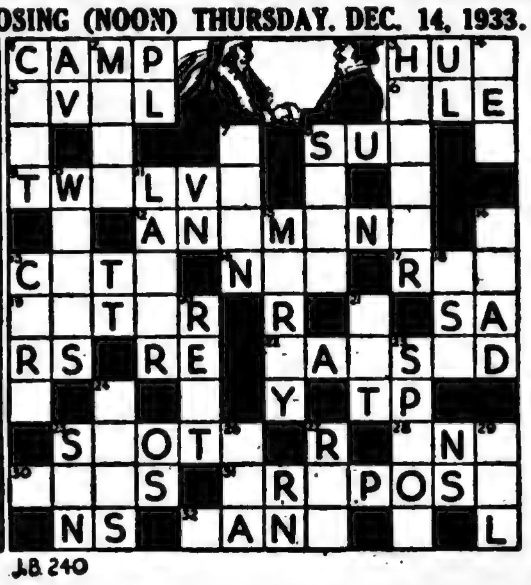
....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 240—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1933.


J.B 240


J.B 240

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O. value.........No.......
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

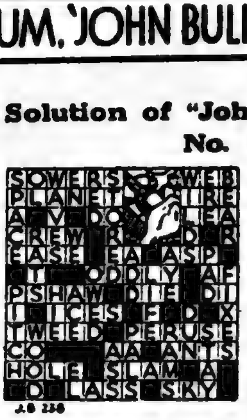
....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE
Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard, to *Crossword Gazette* Dept., 30, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required

ADDRESS ENTRY,
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD
No. 240, 57, Long Acre, London,
W.C.2. (Comp.)

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word, No. 238


J.B 238

Winners in 237 on page 39. Result of 238 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 238 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Cluster of tents
3. Part of a wheel
5. Egg-shaped
6. Popular drink
8. Quantity of money
9. Number of the next clue
12. Bright-coloured flower
15. London is Britain's biggest
16. What the year is in January
17. Regret
19. Animal accustomed to water
22. Hats are, when King passes
25. They love haggis—and bagpipes!
28. First number
30. Husbands often need white ones at dinner
31. What she hopes some young man will do
32. What every builder needs

DOWN

1. One judges the price by examining this
2. A Briton should take a British one
3. Helps when preparing the Xmas display
4. Some people do this when they go to the dogs
7. Wise shopkeeper's prices are usually this
8. Is made for Christmas shoppers
10. They won't annoy you if you pay up
11. Cake often has one of icing
13. We hope your Christmas will be this
14. Wise one often wins the game
15. Used for carrying purposes
18. Put to some purpose
20. You need this to be ready for Monday
21. It helps to swell theatre profits
23. Commonly put in where light is dim
24. Are usually kept till the end of the game
25. Clergyman warns us against
26. Health resort
27. What angler uses
29. This fish has wriggled in again!

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address, and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, December 14.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, December 28. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, January 9, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £500 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £2,500 will be paid instead of dividing 3-in-1 Prize.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

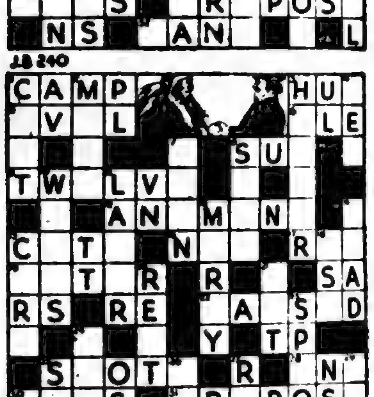
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

J.B 240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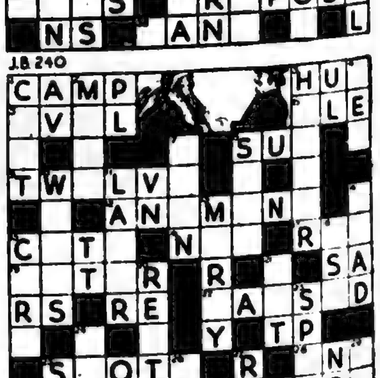
J.B 240


J.B 240

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs Last

STUDENT (Paisley). — "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place." It doesn't need to.

D. C. (Stockwell).—"At the party I was in the best of spirits." Perhaps the best of spirits was in you.

TYRO (Margate).—"I wrote this story in a day. What do you think of that?" We think it a wasted day.

FLORRIE (Crewe).—"The hockey match ended in a free fight." Scratch teams!

ATHLETE (Sutton).—"I cleared a 15 ft. pond the other day." What of—reeds?

H. R. (Norwich).—"Lying is not one of my failings." You mean you're good at it?

PUG (Hoxton).—"What is wrong with prize-fighting?" Too much prize: too little fight.

FINANCIER (Brixton).—"My company is a paying proposition." Who does the paying—the shareholders?

G. F. (Perth).—"I have written ten letters to-day." Our sympathies are with our nine fellow-sufferers.

T. S. (Ipswich).—"What is worse than selecting wedding presents for a fastidious couple?" Paying for them.

J. O. (Wisbech).—"Modern women are keen on disarmament." They've certainly given up both the hatpin and the rolling-pin.

T. D. (Merton).—"It requires great philosophy to take things as they come." It requires more to part with things as they go.

SPINSTER (Bayswater).—"I am the possessor of an ancient, grotesque mug." Well, well. Perhaps you have a kind heart to make up for it.

D. N. (Rochester).—"In a new number performed by a jazz band the players produce revolvers and fire blank cartridges at each other." But why blank cartridges?

WRITER (Derby).—"The money I make from writing will be spent on wearing apparel for my wife." But what if she doesn't want to be a nudist?

BEATRICE (Cardiff).—"I want to get into a revue chorus and have succeeded in getting an interview. Will it be difficult?" No; merely a matter of form.

W. L. (Coventry).—"I have ambitions to be a poet. Inspiration comes to me during the night, and I get up and write my verses." Rotten thing, insomnia.

R. C. T. (Brixton).—"I have sued my landlord because my bedroom ceiling fell down without warning." Did you expect him to give you notice of it?

C L. (Newcastle).—"A millionaire boasts that he started life without a shirt to his back." Well, we've never yet heard of a baby being born with a shirt on.

PAT (Wilts).—"A man asked me if I could do anything with a shovel. And what do you think I answered?" "Fry a nice bit of bacon on it."

F. D. (Clapham).—"No writer can possibly explain, with mere words, what a really bad traffic block looks like." We can—Carsarealljammedtogetherlikethis.

O. P. (Birmingham).—"My wife runs up her own dresses for a few pence." She must be a wonderful contortionist.

W. N. (Barking).—"Many famous discoverers had red hair." And one of them made the discovery of calling it auburn.

R M. (Lewisham).—"There are two things that prevent happiness in marriage." Yes—a man and a woman.

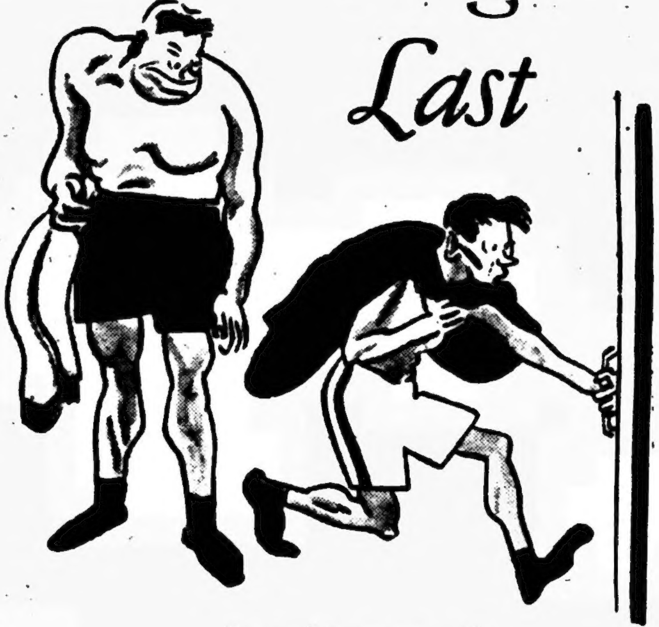
HUBBY (Dalry).—"A woman likes to be told that she got a dress at a ridiculous price." But not that she got it for an absurd figure.

E. C. (Chesham).—"I am proud that anyone can see that I am a son of the soil." We hope you haven't got your father on your hands.

HILDA (King's Heath).—"A fortune-teller told me that a tall, fair man is about to cross my path." We hope for his sake you don't drive a car.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I am giving up painting and am going into the laundry business." In that, at any rate, you may be sure that your work will be hung.

MRS. S. (Liverpool).—"When we were first married I wakened my husband with a kiss. But after the first two or three weeks . . ." He bought an alarm-clock.



Boxer (Hammersmith).—"I took fright when I saw my opponent at the weigh-in." And you looked for the quickest way out?

D. B. (York).—"Man proposes." And woman makes him stick to it.

STUDENT (Reading).—"Don't you think the Ten Commandments should be re-written?" No; re-read.

ROBERT (Birkenhead).—"What is the feminine idea of a left-handed compliment?" A wedding-ring.

MRS. K. (Luton).—"The modern woman puts her cards on the table." Face downwards.

F. M. (Frome).—"My boy has not been beaten at school this term." Has the headmaster lost his cane?

D. M. (Rochester).—"A man should weigh more in the winter." Especially if he has a heavy cold.

O. N. (Dover).—"I am one of the world's unwanted." The police are not after you at the moment?

DOCTOR (Hampstead).—"It is good for your health to go to your office on foot each morning." Straphanging is so bracing.

G. N. (Chester).—"I was thrown from the horse, but fortunately fell on something soft." Didn't you even get a headache?

K. L. P. (Epping).—"I am enormously stout and children call after me in the street. What should I do?" Do your very best not to look round.

G. L. (Taunton).—"A man is walking backwards across America." His idea is to see where he has been and to keep the dust out of his eyes.

B. S. (Chesterfield).—"Snow is prophesied for Christmas." It's on the cards, of course.

TEACHER (Bradford).—"The average schoolboy spells atrociously." Well, that's not a bad test.

GROCER (Scarborough).—"What are buyers going to do about the price of bacon?" Take sides.

NATURALIST (Barnes).—"The spider lives to a good old age." And its life often hangs on a thread.

T. M. (Bacup).—"I'm coming to London. Can you tell me the catch of the season?" Influenza.

S. M. (Sale).—"My husband always answers me sharply if I ask him for pin-money." He gets the needle.

HISTORIAN (Lichfield).—"Henry VIII was a good king really." With six mothers-in-law he had to be.

MABEL (Barnet).—"He said that if I looked like that again he would kiss me." Did you manage to hold the expression?

A. D. E. (Oundle).—"As a private secretary, my work consists mainly of writing apologetic letters." A sorry business.

VISITOR (Bloomsbury).—"The British Museum is full of antiques." Some are there to be studied, and others to study.

CHEMIST (London, S.E.).—"Several bottles of embrocation were stolen from my shop." Yet we suppose they were labelled "Not to be taken."

WRITER (Aylesbury).—"I am not one of those persons who think editors a gang of thieves." They have never taken anything from you?

SUCCESSFUL (London, W.).—"A gay time is one of the things a wise youth gives a miss." Otherwise he is unlikely to enjoy her friendship for long.

MUSICIAN (Stratford).—"Blowing a cornet strengthens the lungs." And a vigorous trombone solo must be very beneficial to the player's biceps.

E. M. (Ealing).—"A North London parish bazaar realised £1,000 in one evening." This is what makes Chicago visitors incredulous when told that racketeering in this country is unknown.

G. L. (Putney).—"A novelist has confessed that his hobby is fishing." It isn't his hobbies, but what he does for a living that causes all the trouble about a novelist.

P. T. M. (Aberdare).—"How many sheets can a writer get done in a day?" Well, our cashier is going to make out 100 *Bullets* cheques on December 22, and he says that's about the limit. See page 43.

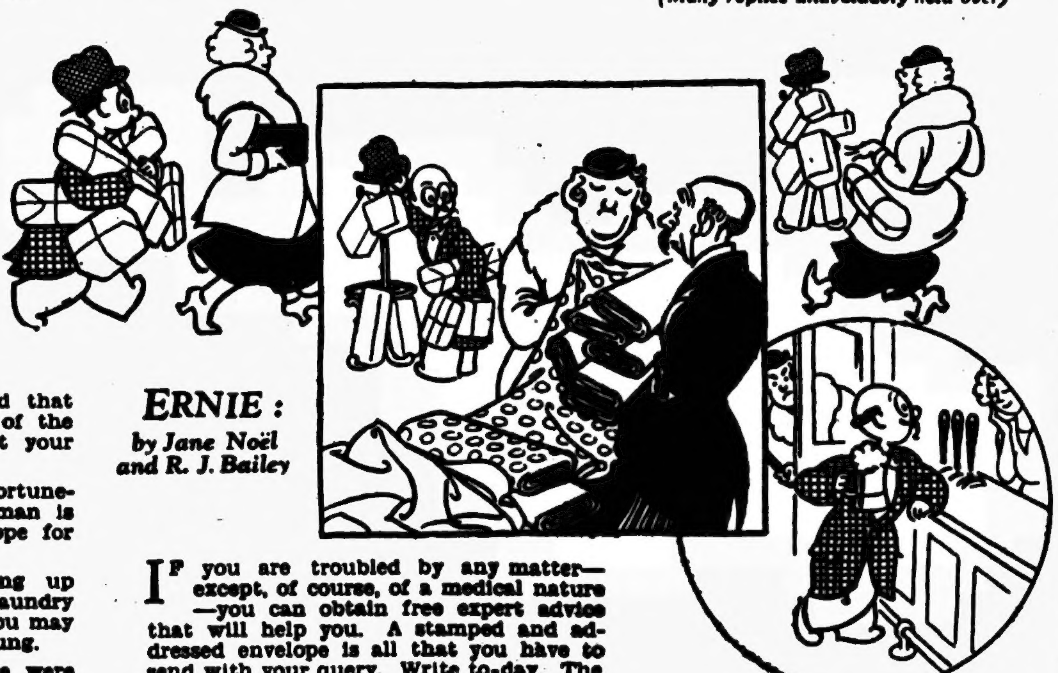
F. M. (Elstree).—"A wife should not sit next to her husband at a dinner party." But he should be within easy kicking distance in case he makes any tactless remarks.

C. W. (South Shields).—"My wife has pushed me down the stairs, thrown boots at my head, and locked me in the wood-shed. I have decided to leave her." It shows you're a man who can take a hint, anyway.

T. L. (Tilford).—"I saw in the paper that 24,000 towels were stolen from the L.N.E.R. in a month." Considering the high price offered for antiques, it's a wonder some of the suburban stations haven't been stolen.

D. M. (Leeds).—"A mysterious beast with a 7 ft. neck, eyes like car lamps, a snake's head and flippers is said to be infesting Loch Ness." We didn't think they distilled such potent stuff in Scotland nowadays.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

INSTANT RELIEF FROM WINTER COUGHS & CHILLS

Home-made honey syrup is one of the few "old-time" remedies still used and recommended for instantly relieving and speedily banishing coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and sore throat. To make this remedy at home demands much time and attention, but honey syrup made from the original recipe is obtainable in the form of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, a carefully-blended compound of Honey, Oil of Pine, Squills, Ipecac, Menthol and Balsam of Tolu. From the first half-teaspoonful, 'Pineate' Honey Syrup destroys germ infection, soothes and heals throat rawness, cuts and loosens phlegm, and thus speedily banishes the most stubborn cough. Chemists everywhere can supply 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and, whatever your bronchial trouble, this remedy will give you instant relief. Don't delay, for a neglected cough or chill may lead to serious illness.

● FREE! A Splendid 90 Piece JIG-SAW PUZZLE.

Send name and address, together with front of a 'Pineate' Honey Syrup carton, to Bismag Ltd. (Dept. K.9), Braydon Road, London, N.16; puzzle will be sent you free by return post.

Boyd PIANOS

Why buy a second-hand piano when for as little as 14/6d. a month you can possess a Boyd? Boyd pianos have been famous for 60 years and each model carries the actual manufacturer's guarantee. Over 50,000 satisfied customers. Initial payment secures delivery.
Write or call for catalogue.

BOYD, LTD.,
19, Holborn,
London, E.C.1.
Branches and Agents throughout the country.

Models from 14/6 per month

B34

ARE YOU IN PAIN?

For
PNEUMONIA
BRONCHITIS
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
COLDS
And all forms of PAIN.

All bodily pain instantly banished by Wincapcine—the new QUILTED Medicated Wool. Easy to cut and "thin out." Unseen under the lightest clothing. FREE bottle spirituous fluid with every packet. Get a 1/3 packet from your Chemist or any of Boots Branches. In case of difficulty write to address below.

Wincapcine BRAND MEDICATED WOOL

(Dept. J.B.)
BOND PRODUCTS, Ltd., 7, Field End P·rade East-cte Mdx.

✳ Accept this FREE SAMPLE OFFER

So confident are the makers of "PHENSIC" in the efficacy of this latest discovery by a famous London Physician for influenza and its attendant ills, that they invite every reader of "John Bull" to accept a trial package free. Don't delay. Accept this timely and most generous offer by filling in the coupon on p. 31. Send for your trial supply now—while you think of it. You ought not to be without it.

GRAVES
'MATCH' OVERCOAT

The ideal Garment for the football season. It adds to your pleasure and keeps you warm and comfortable in the severest weather.

Possesses all the virtues of garments offered at much higher prices including Style, Quality, Workmanship, and is unrivalled for Value. Carefully tailored in the latest fashion from handsome hard wearing materials in attractive colourings and patterns, and is perfectly finished in every detail. This D.B. Overcoat is supplied in all sizes up to 44in breast measurement. It is cut and made in comfortable & roomy belted style in the newest fashion and supplied in warm & handsome Tweed Coatings in various shades of Brown, Fawn, & Grey Mixtures. **49/-**

7/- NOW

Fullest Approval. **TERMS: 7/- MONTHLY.**

PATTERNS POST FREE. Write for full range of samples of the actual cloths of this and other overcoat styles, all offered at money-saving prices on Easy Terms

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

THE HERBAL REMEDY FOR
PSORIASIS

ECZEMA and all other Skin Diseases. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. A proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
(Bradford) Ltd.
11, Kurem House, BRADFORD.

GRAVES RED FOX FURS

Magnificent Natural Red Fox Animal Tie with deep full grown fur in rich colouring and exquisite lustre Handsomely modelled and trimmed with large brush and 4 natural paws. Lined Art. Silk, complete with corded chain, snap and hook fastener. Approx. size 50in x 7in. Price 35/-, or 5/- monthly Full Approval Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Wraps Ties, Coats, Coatees, Trimmings, &c., Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

FAMOUS HAIR-BEAUTY PREPARATIONS FREE!

Readers can test, free of charge, any 3 of the world-famous Harlene products offered on the Back Cover. These can be secured by attaching the Special Sample Coupon.

Reduce *YOUR* High
BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart.
COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW**

(Prescription No. 1108/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept.J.B.32), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD
FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Chromium Plated, All Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 No charge for easy terms. 5/2 now and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6, 6/6 monthly. CATALOGUE of Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile's Cycles, Tandems, Racers, &c., free.

SEND 5/2

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

RHEUMATISM AND STOMACH TROUBLE

Mrs. Scarisbrick, 46, Hinds Street, Elton, Bury, Lancs., writes:—"I was suffering from **Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble** for eight months. A friend asked me to take Vitadatio. When I had taken my third bottle, I began to pick up, and **now I can walk about as well as anyone,** although I am 73 years of age."

Vitadatio

The world-renowned **Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier**—has a remarkable record of successes in cases of **Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints.** If you are a sufferer—**do not despair, Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio,** it has succeeded in almost hopeless cases. **GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY!**

Sold by Chemists and Stores, **3/-** and **5/-** per bottle (per post **6d.** extra in U.K.) from

VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

AFRAID TO EAT AFTER APPENDICITIS

Even if you haven't had such a serious operation, if you know what it is to be afraid to eat for indigestion, you will be interested in the remarkable experience of Mr. R. T. B......................., of Westcliff. Read this letter.

"Six years ago I underwent a serious operation for appendix abscess, since when I got to the stage when I was afraid to eat, knowing full well how I should suffer if I did.

"I tried most reputed remedies, but they only gave me temporary relief, till I decided to give Maclean Brand a trial. On the 4th day there was a marked improvement and in a week I was able to enjoy all the good things of life. I thought I would find out their real value and did so by purposely eating cheese, pastry and nuts—the latter on a full stomach. The result was not the slightest discomfort.

"Only those who have suffered the agonies of gastric disorders can know what a blessing this is. I am never without my Maclean Brand, and do not intend to be; fancy being a fit man again on 3/9—in three weeks!"

Is there any need to say more to you who suffer from indigestion in any form?

But be sure to ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name and see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" before you buy It is never sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

WHY MARRIED WOMEN LOSE THEIR LOOKS.

Even if you have all the cares of a household on your shoulders, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years, and wake up refreshed and re-invigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the vitamins and strength-giving elements of beef and malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, actually creates rich, new blood. It soothes jaded nerves and builds up fresh strength. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for anæmia, weakness, debility, and a host of other troubles. Try it to-day.

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

write for FREE BOOK

is a disturbance in the subconscious mind (originating in some emotional experience or destructive influence during the course of your personality-development) which manifests itself in self-consciousness, lack of confidence, nervousness, "nervyness," worry, depression, sense of futility, lassitude, unsociability, inefficiency, habits. You can eradicate their cause simply and inexpensively, in the privacy of your own home.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY, LTD.
1 (CX), Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Please send me FREE BOOK "I can......and I will."

Name ....

Address ....

C.X.

Grey Hair is restored to its original colour by

MORGAN'S POMADE

which has stood the test of actual use for over 40 years. **1/9** and **3/3** per jar. Postage 3d. and 4d. Colonial 8d. and 1/-.

Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from

MARIE ANTOINETTE CO., LTD.,
149, Junction Road, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

This is the treatment referred to by Mr. W. Treagus, who says:—"I am writing to tell you of the wonderful results I have obtained from 'Elasto,' as advertised in 'John Bull.' I was laid up with sciatica for about a month, and since then I thought I was doomed to be a cripple, for my leg had almost wasted to the bone. Then I saw the advert. about 'Elasto' in 'John Bull,' and on the strength of it I decided to give it a trial. I have been using it for three weeks only, and I can walk almost as well as I did before the attack of sciatica. . . ."

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, NOW! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dpt. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

He sold us NINE LETTERS for £300!

Interview with Hosier's Manager

FOR many months past the little daughters of a Harrow shop manager have been playing each Friday a game of their own invention. They have pretended that father's telegram has arrived from JOHN BULL, and in their game they decide all the wonderful things they are going to do with his *Bullets* First Prize.

Their mother has entered into it, too—but never before with such zest as on one recent Friday.

That morning, you see, a telegram *had* arrived from JOHN BULL. And it had brought the thrilling news that father, known to the world as Mr. L. C. Bradley, 3, Bishop Ken Road, Harrow Weald, had at last made his family's dreams come true.

For adding to an *Example* four tiny words and thus completing the *Bullet*, THE WORST—OF US, OF USE, Mr. Bradley had captured the First Prize of £300 in our 914th Contest.

That dream of a big *Bullets* success has been in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley for many years past, they told a JOHN BULL representative. It began in their courtship days, and they have shared an interest in our Competition ever since.

Last August, however, their need of extra money to provide for the children became more urgent than ever. So Mr. and Mrs. Bradley decided on a big *Bullets* push.

"As soon as I really got down to *Bullets*," said Mr. Bradley, whom many Harrow readers will recognise in the photograph heading this page as the cheery manager of Meakers' outfitting shop in their town, "I found that 'Target' prizes came more often than before.

"It really did seem as though I was on the right track at last," he continued, "but it was a tremendous surprise when the First Prize came so quickly.

"But I'm still determined to go on," put in Mrs. Bradley gaily. "I mean to equal, if not beat him."

Every man with a wife and family to provide for will know what the arrival of £300 just before Christmas will mean for Mr. and Mrs. Bradley and how it will help with the education of their children.

But you, too, can have a Merry Christmas without a care in the world. On Friday, December 22, we shall despatch a further £300 message—and on Saturday, December 23, another 99 telegrams will go flashing along the wires to senders of good *Bullets* in the huge one-week offer facing this page. Let one of those coupons bring you the thrill of a lifetime!

100 CASH PLUS RADIO PRIZES
COMING NEXT WEEK!

CHRISTMAS PRIZES FOR 1,500 WINNERS!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION NO. 915.

Mr. W. W. HARRISON, 13, Wasdale Road, Liverpool.

Example:—SHOUTING
Bullet:—IMPRESSES WEAK—EXPRESSES WEAKNESS.
(Entered on "Target" prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. M. SOULSBY, 13a, Ken Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth.
Example: Nearer And Nearer
Bullet: "Santa's" Visit—Chancellor's "Call."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. CONNOLD, 30, Bourne Road, Colchester.
Example: Always Pays
Bullet: To View Two Views.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5:

J. S. ANDERSON, 114, Turnpike Lane, Hornsey, N.
Man Who Thinks—Reflects On Defects—Perfects.

G. H. BARKER, 29, Ravenhill Road, Upton Park, E.
Saved Her—Becoming "Vinegary," "Little Pickle."

M. BERRIMAN, 42, Farfield Road, Almondbury, Huddersfield.
Saved Her—"Crumpling Up," Hubby's Squeeze.

C. LAWRENCE, 20, Glenlea Road, Eltham, S.E.
Fear—Launches Gunboats—Courage, Lifeboats.

J. McKINNA, Church Street, Newton Stewart.
Nearer And Nearer—"Abyss," Without A Boss.

G. PHILLIPS, 55, Church Street, Amble, Northumberland.
First Stop—War's "Avalanche," The "Valley."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

H. E. RUDKIN, 46, Whiteley Road, London. S.E.
Wake Up, Westminster—"United Front's" Becoming "Dickey."

W. SARGEANT, Four Winds, Fordcombe, Kent.
Face To Face—With Regrets, "Side-stepped" Responsibilities.

Mrs. D. SHARPLESS, "The Dees," Rofant Road, Northwood, Middx.
Armaments—Mighty—Mightier, His Arm.

W. WISE, 53, Wiltshire Road, Brixton, S.W.
Our Cat—Remembered "Lights"—Forgot Traffic.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.

A. ANDREWS, Dagworth, Haughley, Stowmarket.
Wake Up, Westminster—Country's Foot Not Asleep!

J. H. BEAN, Crafthole, Cornwall.
Man Who Thinks—Youth's Harebrained, Often "Tortoise."

A. H. DAVEY, 929, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.
Well In—Bookie—Only Lost Voice!

P. ECCLES, 2, Bk. Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
According To Grandpa — Rheumatism's Reliable—Weather's Treacherous.

Miss I. N. KING, 23, Newbury Road, St. Annes-on-Sea.
Our Cat—Formerly Foundling—Now Matron.

A. LINDSAY, 237, Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.
Tonic For Father—"Your Tonic's Finished, Father!"

F. M. TOLSON, 9, Clementson Road, Sheffield.
My Opinion—Gave *Recruiting* Sergeant Anyway!

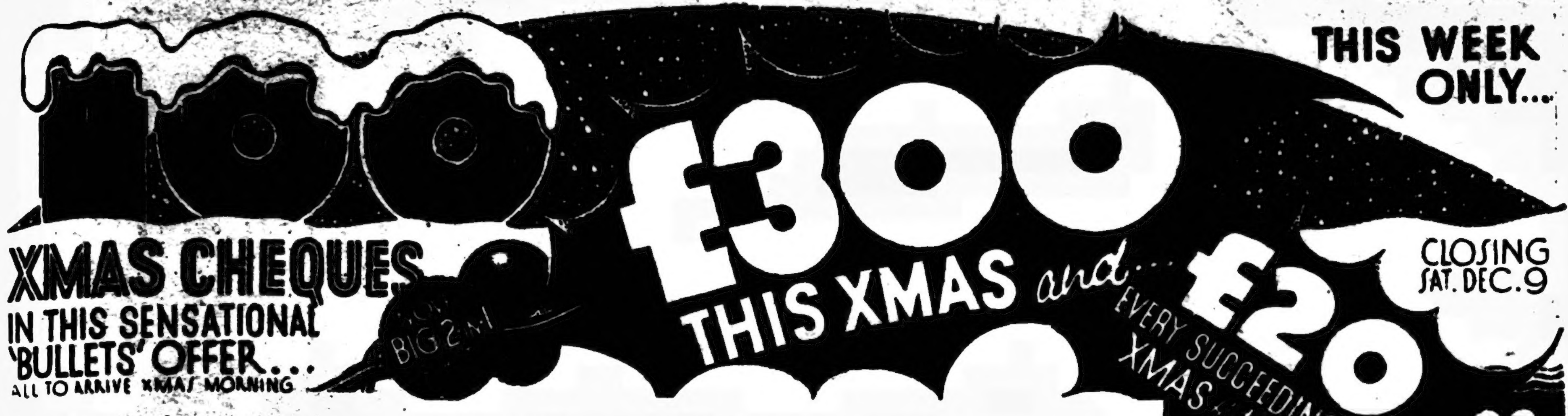
J. G. WEIR, 4, Belle Vue, Springwell, Co. Durham.
Peaceful Village—"Stream" *Over* Bridge Spoiling.

L. WELLS, 83, Wellington Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
The Waitress—Brazenly *Avoids* My Eye.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

J. C. WHITE, 61, Station Road, Billingham-on-Tees.
Busy Woman—Can't "Play," But Sings.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A list of 500 Christmas Cake and 1,000 Surprise Parcel Winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.


100
XMAS CHEQUES
IN THIS SENSATIONAL 'BULLETS' OFFER...
ALL TO ARRIVE XMAS MORNING
BIG 2 IN 1
£300
THIS XMAS and
£20
EVERY SUCCEEDING XMAS for LIFE
THIS WEEK ONLY...
CLOSING SAT. DEC. 9

100 TELEGRAMS TO BE SENT BY DECEMBER 23!

WHAT a fillip to your Christmas festivities would be given by the arrival on Christmas morning of one of the 100 fine cheques offered to-day!

The whole of these cheques will be in the hands of the winners by Christmas Day. *But for the convenience of winners, we shall despatch 99 telegrams on Saturday morning, December 23, telling successful "Bulleteers" the amount of the prize which is coming.* Thus, as a winner, you will have time to purchase presents and good things for December 25 with the comforting knowledge that John Bull's coming cheque will foot the bill.

The First Prize-winner will learn of his huge Christmas Success on Friday, December 22—and there is no reason why you should not receive that thrilling telegram, or one of the other 99 Prize Telegrams which would herald a Merry Christmas for you and your family.

THE WAY TO WIN

YOUR own life is full of *Bullets* ideas. In the home, when travelling, in the factory or office, when out on pleasure bent, you are unconsciously storing them up.

Back in a rough form come those ideas your mind has gathered as you look at a list of *Examples.* You are wise to note these down, examining each *Example* in turn and letting it suggest and recall as many different comments as possible.

Remember that the TWO, THREE or FOUR words you add to any *Example* must form an apt and original comment which is neatly linked with it.

Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example*, To Weld The World. Against this a recollection of Christmas shop-windows might cause you to jot down the rough line, *Christmas Festivities Should Help.*

From this simple and obvious notion you could soon arrive at the finished *Bullet*, To Weld The World—Let "Yule Fires" Help.

Before you begin on your efforts, study the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page for your further guidance, noting particularly the choice of ordinary, everyday words.

Then go ahead with your own efforts, making sure that your entry reaches this office by Saturday, December 9.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO WELD THE WORLD
ANGEL OF PEACE
WITH BRITANNIA'S HELP
FOREIGN AFFAIRS
WORRIED GOVERNMENT
MAN WITH A SPANNER
AFTER CHRISTMAS
DREARY JOURNEY
WRECKED HIS LIFE
TALKING ABOUT MARRIAGE
NEXT YEAR
THE SIGNPOST
RAY OF HOPE
HAPPY MEMORIES
MY BARBER
FEVERISHLY
STILL ALIVE
LEARNING
BOLD MOVE
SOON AFTER
NEW SERVANT
ON THE WAY
LOOKING ON
WOKE THEM UP
FEW
EASILY DONE
SINCE WE BEGAN
ACCORDING TO REPORTS
AT SCOTLAND YARD
WEIGHT OFF MY MIND
FATHER'S SPEECH
FUNNY BUSINESS
OUT WENT THE FIRE AND
WHEN NEXT WAR COMES
JUDGING BY THE SIZE
WAITING AT THE GATE

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 918,
"John Bull," Long Acre London, W.C.2
(Comp.)

ENTER ON THESE BIG COUPONS

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(918) Closing SAT. Dec. 9
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(918) Closing SAT. Dec. 9
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(918) Closing SAT., Dec. 9
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(918) Closing SAT., Dec. 9
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 918 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

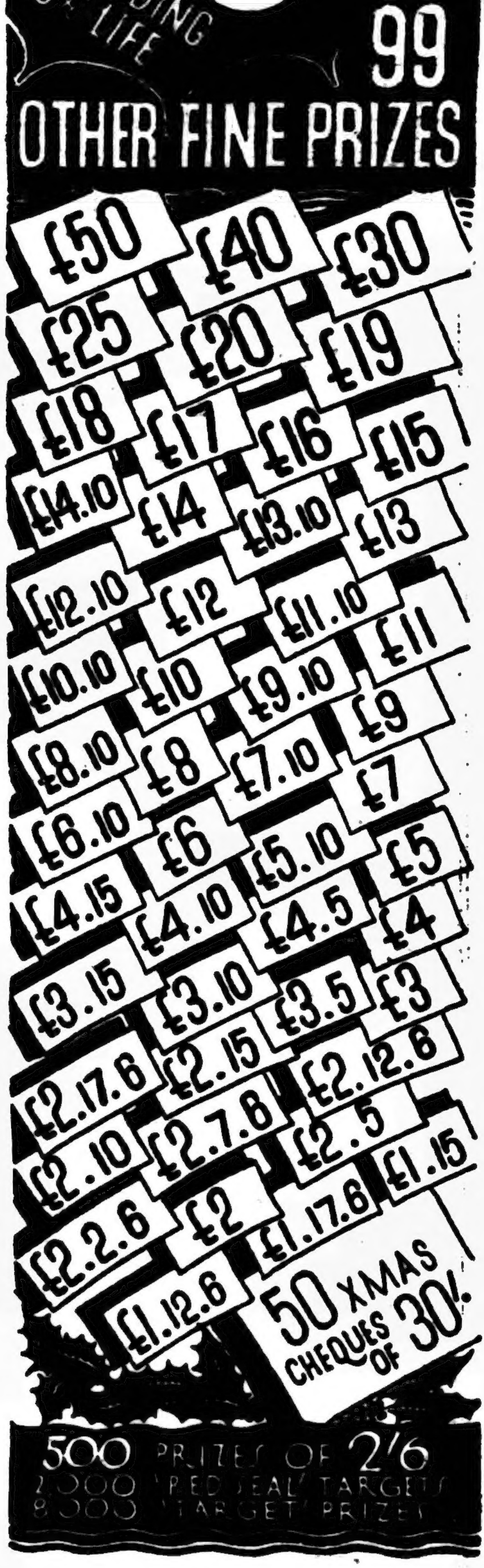
1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 914 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. R. J. Hurford and Sons, Ltd., 129, High Street, Wealdstone, Middlesex.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.



HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, let *"Bullets" Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with "John Bull's" helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____

Post to:—
"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.

10,000 Men and Women WANTED

TO TEST "HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL FREE

Does your hair come out on your comb?—Stop this with "HARLENE"

SPECIAL OFFER
TO ALL WITH
DULL, THIN, WEAK LIFELESS HAIR

Would YOU like A wealth of Glorious Hair!

Start Practising Harlene-Hair-Drill

Begin by sending the Coupon below for Special Free Samples of any 3 Harlene Preparations

10,000 Men and Women Readers of "JOHN BULL" who are worried about the condition of their hair are to-day made a magnificent offer. It is an open invitation to make AN ENTIRELY FREE TEST of the world-famous "Harlene-Hair-Drill." Sample supplies of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Preparations will be posted instantly to all who apply AT ONCE using the Coupon below. If **YOUR** Hair is **THIN, DULL, SKIMPY, CHOKED BY SCURF OR DANDRUFF, LIFELESS, BRITTLE, SPLITTING AT THE ENDS OR FALLING OUT** you should start practising "Harlene-Hair-Drill" without delay. Choose **NOW** from the list alongside just which 3 Preparations you would like.

To MEN

Baldness, thinning at the temples, etc., make you look old and careworn. Massage "Harlene" into your scalp for 2 minutes a day. The difference in 7 days will amaze you.

(1) 'HARLENE'

HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

(2) 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single sachets, 3d. each).

(3) 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

(4) 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them entrancingly beautiful. Saves £ £ £s on Waving Bills. 1/3 a bottle. **POPULAR SIZE 7½d.**

(5) 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

(6) 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorative. From chemists, 3/- and 5/- per bottle. **POPULAR SIZE, 1/9.**

GUARANTEE.

If, within one month, you may be dissatisfied with any individual purchase, return the Profit Sharing Coupon, state the date of purchase and name of your Chemist or Store, when the price paid will be refunded.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *State which numbers are required. Attach Coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.*

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (H. 986), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

"Harlene" Preparations Are Obtainable From Chemists and Stores
all over the World, or direct Post Free on receipt of Price

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